VOGUE

60¢

Oct. 1



- **PLAN FOR A WARDROBE: WHAT TO BUY, WHAT TO SKIP**
  Quick review of the best looks you could choose in fashion now
- **FOUR NEW PARIS COIFFURES**
- **A SMALL SENSATION: THE NEW FUR BIT**
- **YOUNG-MONEY CLOTHES-BULLETIN**
- **"TAKE NO FOR AN ANSWER"**
  By Joan Didion
- **ARTICLES BY Osbert Sitwell**
  Elinor Goulding Smith
  Pamela Hansford Johnson
  George Bradshaw

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VOGUE

INCORPORATING VANITY FAIR

There are three Vogues: American, French, British — I. S. V.-PATCÉVITCH Publisher

OCTOBER 1, 1961

COVER

Chanel at peak form—which means, for many American women, a look that's simultaneously reliable as a Rolls and as whizz-bang exciting as a souped-up racer. This little-evening case in point: a suit of nappy coral wool; the tucked-in blouse, the jacket facing, the cuffs and pocket-flaps are a glittering depths-of-orange print woven with Lurex gilt threads. The other eternal Chanelisms: the chaste little hair ribbon, the heavy gold chain—and a strong conviction of No. 5 in the air. Suit copies, at Saks Fifth Avenue. Original at Frederick & Nelson.



PENN

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Vol. 138, No. 6
Whole No. 2066



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'ETERNA 27' by Revlon

WITH EXCLUSIVE PROGENITIN®

For if you deprive your skin of the vital ingredients that *caused* the improvements . . . the benefits will disappear. Your common sense will tell you that.

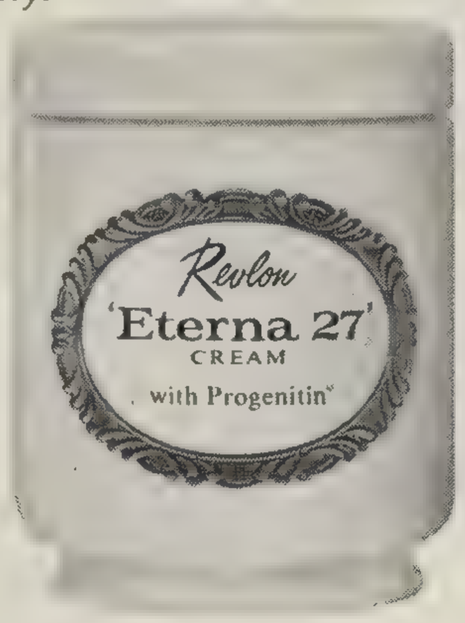
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"GLOVES fashion & etiquette"—a new Booklet by Hansen. See "SHOP HOUND"—Page 93 for details

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ON THE PLAZA • NEW YORK 19
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Jewels by Van Cleef and Arpels
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the brilliance that was Versailles

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The new fashion color for fall.
Royal red in the grand tradition...
a bright imperial scarlet
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because
you love
nice things
Sculptured bodice slip F-31134 is all own Satin Bouvette tricot with Beauty Berry lace, designed and made by Van Raalte. All, all-nylon. Grape Green. Also Peach with Surf Sand, Sun Beige with Henna, Black and White. 32-38. $10.95. At fine stores everywhere.



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Maurice Rentner expresses it in ORLON® ACRYLIC and wool

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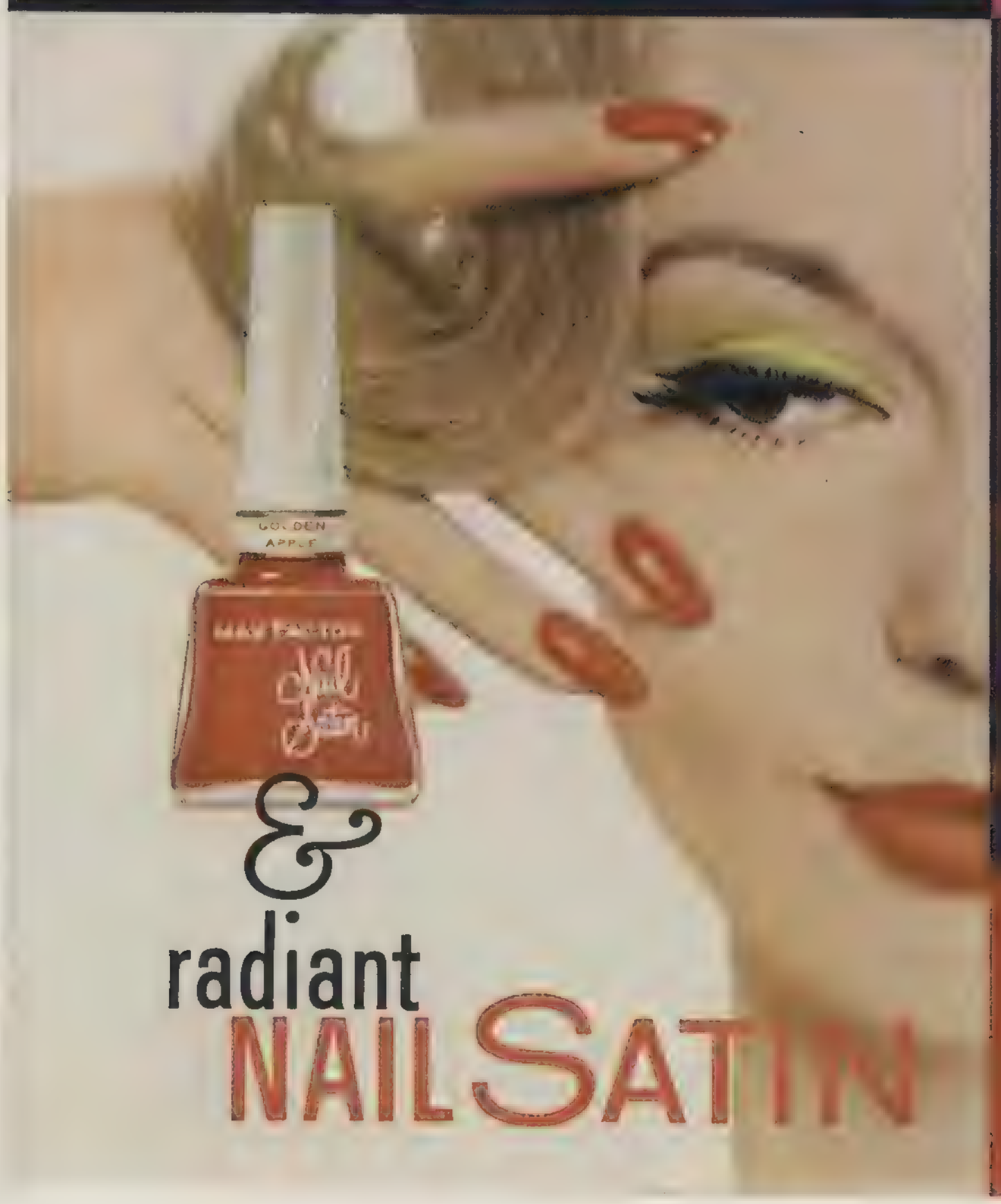


new 10 denier seamless nylons · in a gold crested gift box · 2 pairs 5.00

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this fall
has a soft brilliance


all ROMANCE

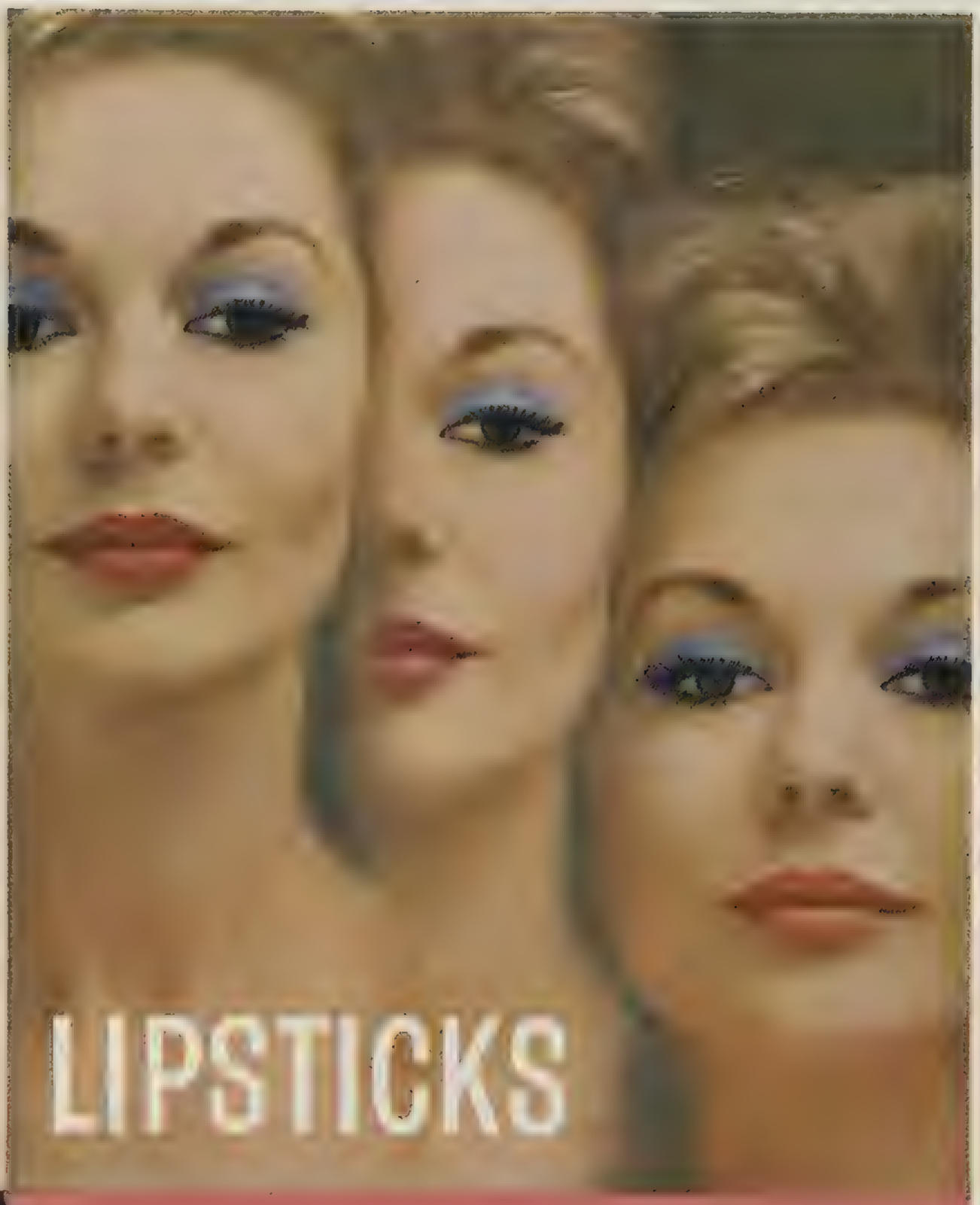

GOLDEN
APPLE
&
radiant
NAIL SATIN


AUTUMN SUN
MAX FACTOR, 1951



MAX FACTOR'S

NO SHINE



LIPSTICKS



COLORS by

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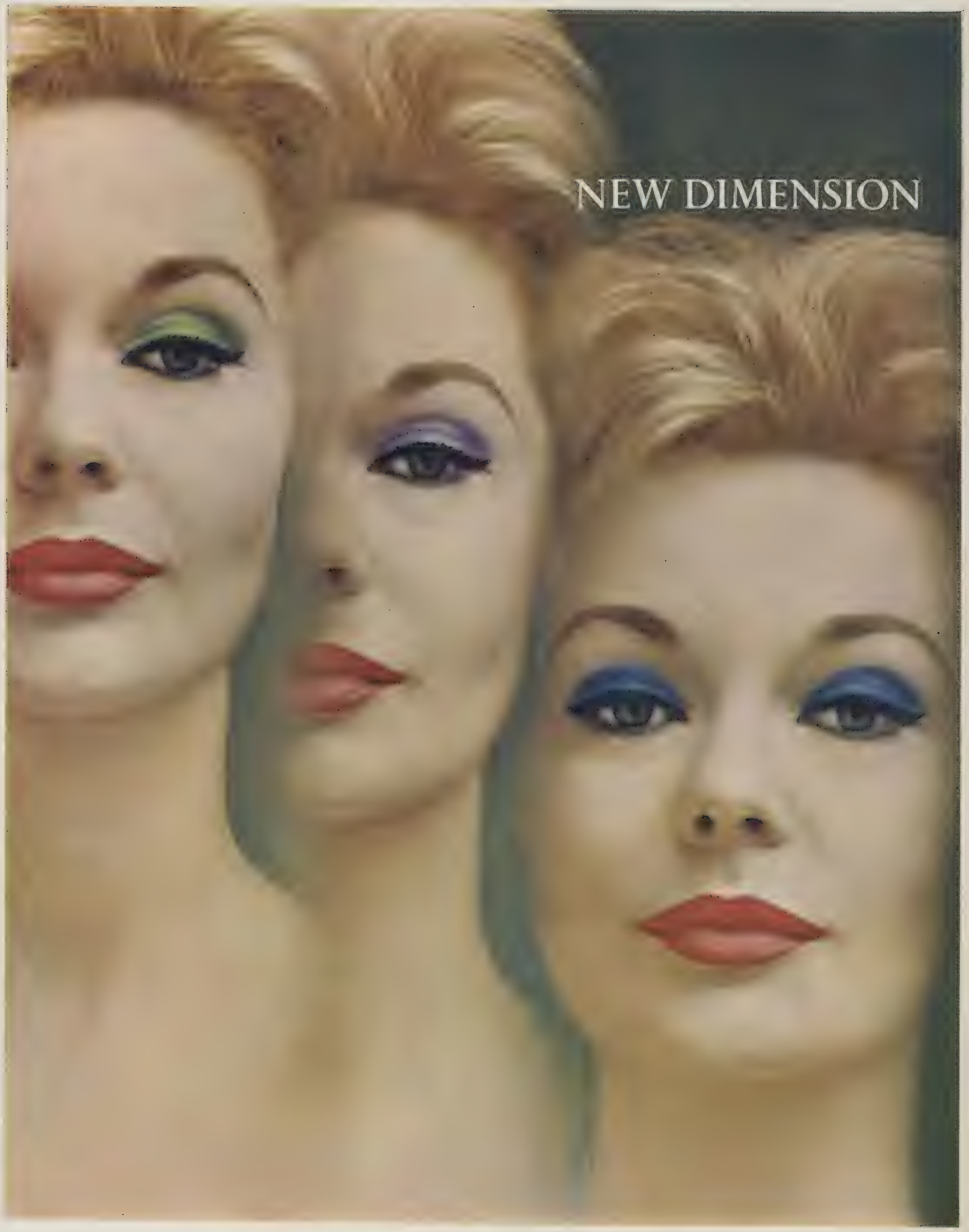
Soft beams of light stolen from the sun–heavenly shades in the creamy matte-finish of No Shine Lipsticks. Rich colors, filled with the gaiety and elegance of fall fashion, ripe with the romantic promise of early autumn.

Golden Apple, Golden Strawberry, Golden Lilac–sweet, luscious subtleties for your lips, flaring into full brilliance at your fingertips with radiant Nail Satin. Autumn Sun Colors... meant to change your style, your life...

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IN COLOR...

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FOR AUTUMN

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MAX FACTOR

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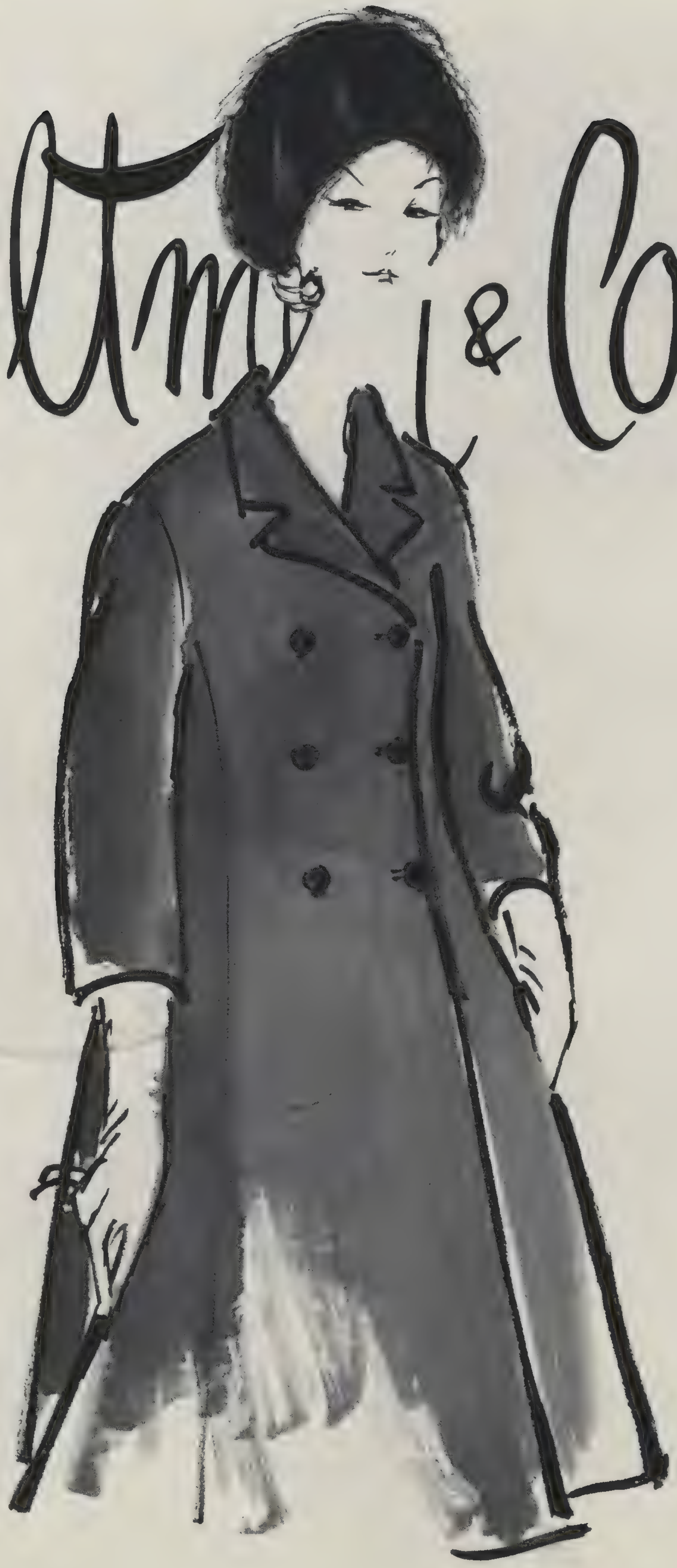
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gracefully flared . . .
superbly beautiful!
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There's a blithe spirit to this beautifully-crafted Mercedes Sports-Roadster... and to the dramatic "greatcoat"... perfect travelling companion for the Mercedes you order here, pick up abroad. The luxurious lines of each suggest symmetry in motion, and the appointments are superb. Like Towntree's rich imported Scottish wool, ranch mink collar, fashionably new silhouette.
In black or dash red. 6 to 14, **159.95**



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A wonderful oneness, the color connective intarsia sweater and skirt. The cardigan: precious, fur-blended Angolamb in edelweiss with parchment/mushroom, bluebird/aquamist, azalea/thistle, or apricot/banana. The skirt: a unifying match. Each $12.98. Slightly higher west of the Rockies. At Bloomingdale's, J. L. Hudson Co., Burdine's, Rich's, The Emporium, and other fine stores. COLEBROOK, 1407 Broadway, N.Y.

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CHANEL

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Dress of silk chiffon by Martha Mills. Overblouse of sequined metallic lace. Lined in Siri. About $145. De Pinna • Flah's • Burdine's • Harzfeld's • Joseph Magnin



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AT FROST *BROS.* / *SAN ANTONIO*

deep
is
the
spell
of
HYPNOTIQUE
by
MAX FACTOR

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News of the nightshades

More about the just-launched renaissance of black for the after-six hours. Here, a black silk dress that might live happily-ever-after in company with the black brocade coat on page 139. The dress is slender, shapely, goes in for some close figuring about the waist; its wide-set, deeply-notched neckline makes a splendid frame for banks of inky beads. By Highlight of black silk ottoman; about $70. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Rich's; Halle Bros.

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Merry Widow,® from $10.95. Slimwear style above in Lycra® $16.50 in white, black, beige and tiger lily! Antron® nylon front. Elastic: Lycra—spandex, DuPont nylon. (In Canada, too.)

Now, zip into the most feminine shape of them all: the beautiful beloved Merry Widow by Warner's®.



Hint on Crane's

"...can't think of a single thing we need,
Aunt Sybil. Unless, of course, while you're away
in Spain, and if your marvelous old Nanny
has time on her hands, we just might..."

When it comes to dropping a gentle hint, a letter on Crane's impressive paper justifies even the most extravagant request. This letter to Aunt Sybil was written on a Crane's Parchmont Naturel continental message card, with the home address engraved in grey. Crane's Fine Papers are made in Dalton, Massachusetts, and have been since 1801.

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These fine stores . . . Lord & Taylor, N. Y. & branches; Famous-Barr, St. Louis & branches; Frederick & Nelson, Seattle; The Higbee Co., Cleveland; Marshall Field & Co., Chicago . . . for bringing you this print costume (in blue with green, green with blue, brown with blue and green; 10-20) for only about $30. For additional stores, write Celanese, Dept. LF-101, 522 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 36.

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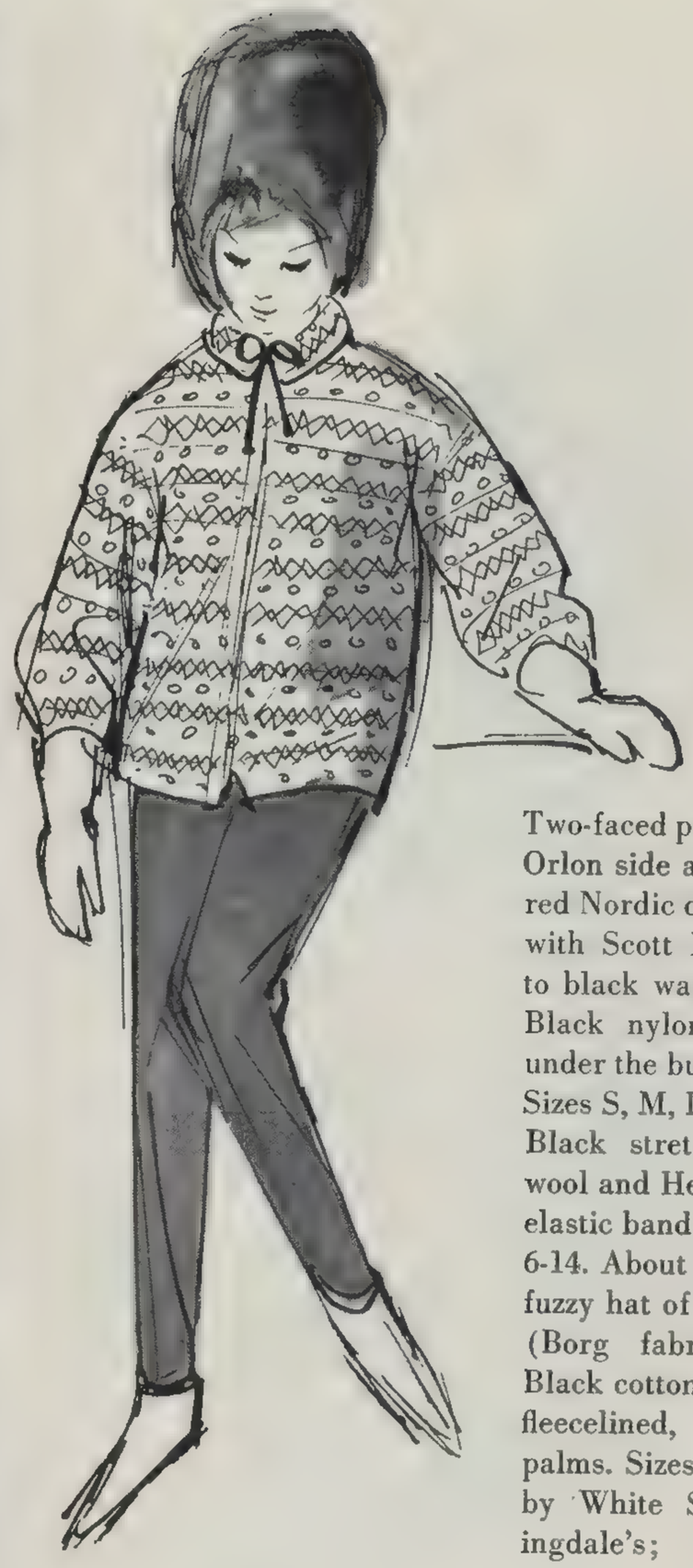
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For dashing through the snow—a warm snowsuit. The top is blue and white cotton, patterned with snowflakes; lined with the same Orlon that edges the hood. The pants—stretch Chemstrand nylon with a warm lining. By Tidykins. Sizes 3-6x. About $25. At Altman's; Julius Garfinckel; Hudson's.



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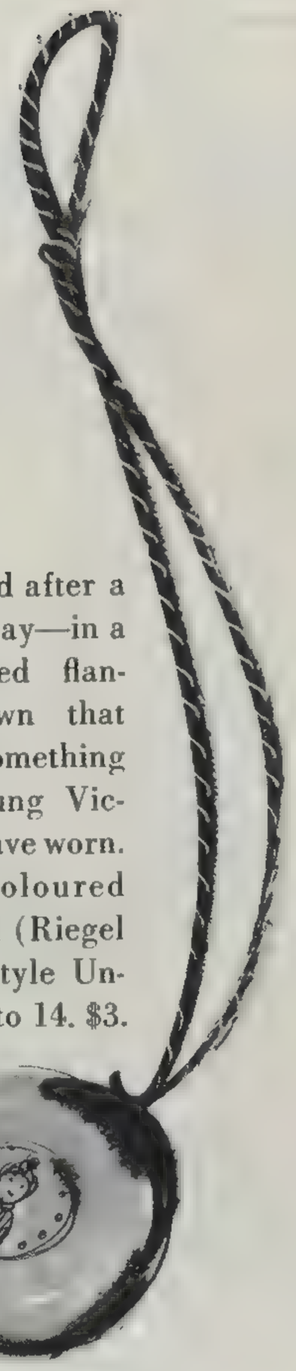
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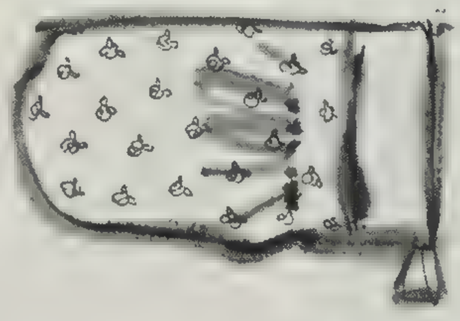
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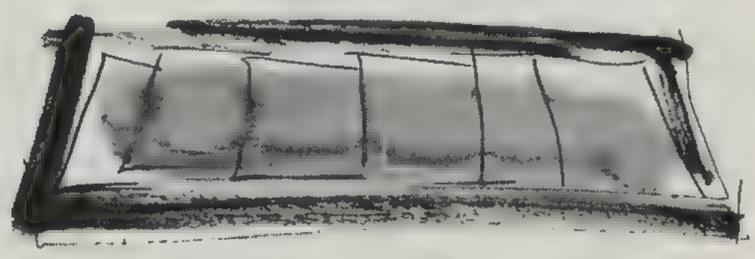


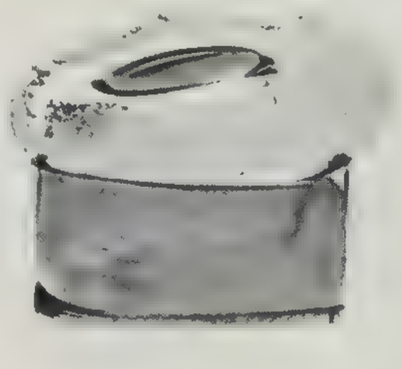


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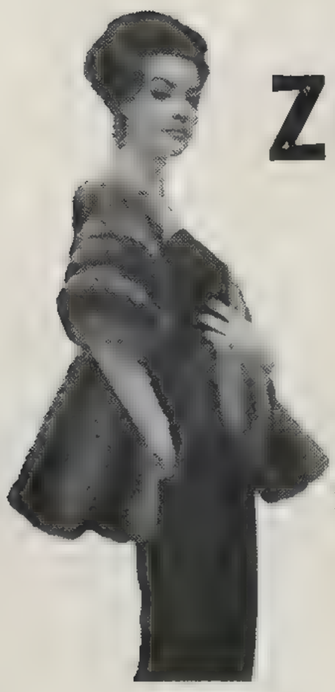
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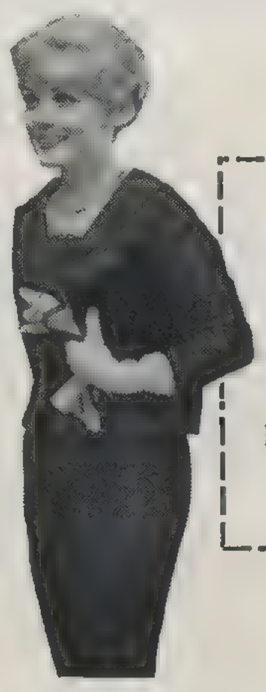
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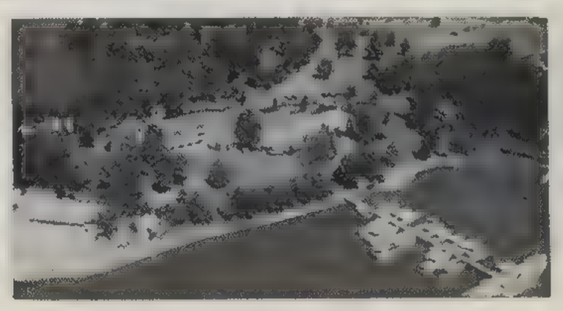
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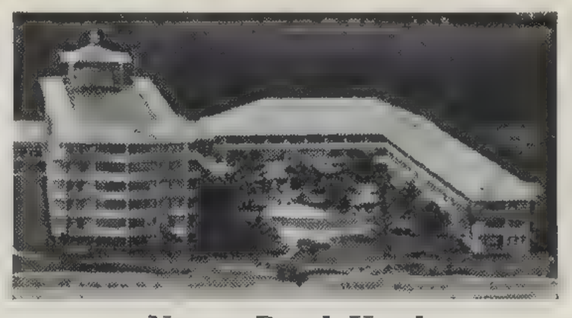
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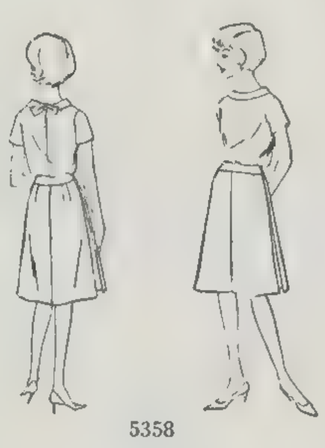
Great white jacket, fleecy and squarely double-breasted—the short coat for a country campus or just country; can come to the rescue of a clothes-allowance. The lining is a quilted red and white cotton calico print. Coat of Creslan by Great Six. About $26. At Altman's; Harold's.

VOGUE PATTERNS

(Other views, sizes, yardages of the patterns shown on pages 158-159)



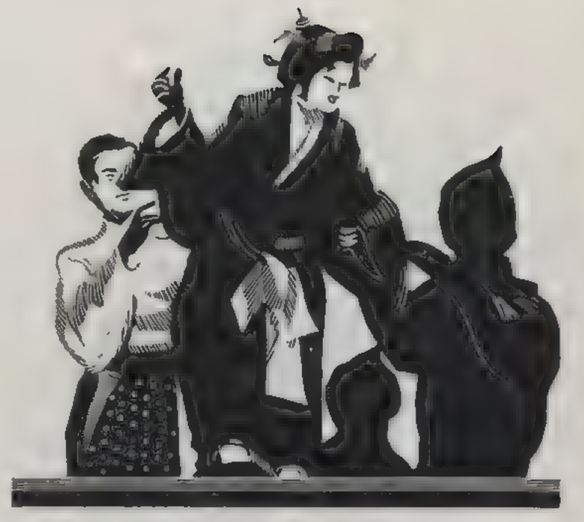
5353



5358

Above right: Overblouse and skirt. Vogue Pattern 5358. Sizes 10-18. Size 14, dress, 3¾ yds. of 36" fabric; bodice lining, 1⅛ yds. of 36" fabric; skirt lining, 1¾ yds. of 45" fabric. Price, $1.00. *Above left:* Sheath with cap sleeves or kimono sleeves below elbow length. Contour or novelty belt. "Very Easy to Make" Vogue Pattern 5353. Sizes 10-18. Size 14, 3⅛ yds. of 36" fabric. Price $1.

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Suite Arrangement

Swatches indicate color schemes

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THE OCCUPATION

"For Rent: Guest House.
Tenant must be fond of children and dogs."

BY CYNTHIA LINDSAY

It seemed a good idea at the time: I was a widow with a small boy, and had listened carefully to lectures about a woman alone needing income property. So I built this little house at the back of the garden for only four times what the carpenter estimated it would cost. I furnished it so attractively that I momentarily considered keeping it as a guest house, except that it was now essential to get the income from it to make up, at least in part, for the outgo on it.

When the doorbell rang and I viewed my first possible tenant, every instinct cried out "NO." But who listened?

"Please come in," I said charmingly to a mournful, grey-haired woman with heavy dewlaps and moist, reproachful eyes. As she moved into the room, the eyes roaming over it, my alert senses sent out warning signals.

She flumped into a chair, and mopped her forehead with a flowered handkerchief. "I wonder if I could trouble you for a glass of water?" she sighed. "You have quite a walk here from the bus stop, you know."

Good—encouraged by her complaining tone, I brought her the water, and said, "I guess you'd find us too far from transportation for your convenience."

"Well," she said, "we all have to put up with things we don't like in order to gain something we do. I like your attitude about children and dogs."

"It's a necessary one," I replied. "I have a small son and two very noisy poodles so anyone renting the guest house would be subjected to a certain amount of both."

"Oh, I wouldn't mind at all," she said, and I began to feel more apprehensive. "Maybe I'd better tell you a little about myself," she added, sinking deeper into the chair.

Between sighs and rushing of tears to the eyes, I learned that she painted pictures of flowers. She also painted pictures of dogs and children, from snapshots. She also painted things on nylon underwear—garlands of flowers, little sayings, hearts, that sort of thing. This she did at night. During the day she worked in a gift shop. She was quiet, she loved children—and animals. Speaking of animals—and then the tears overflowed: "I have a very old dog—he's all I have left in the world." (If only he had been.) "No one will rent to me because they don't want him. If you'll take him, I'll do anything—sit with your little boy evenings—anything." She had me. The thought of some free evenings clinched the deal. Miss Gunter moved in that night.

My son Michael and I were introduced to Gordon, as old and unattractive a semi-collie as I'd ever seen. I looked in dismay at the clouds of loose hair that blew from him like snow from a mountain top.

As Michael and I helped her in with what appeared to be an endless series of boxes, paper bags, and pictures, I came to a few conclusions: that Miss Gunter was a very bad painter, that she was a mystic—there were reams of pamphlets on self-help, occult healing, and transcendentalism, that she did something peculiar with purple velvet—there was a great deal of it, and that this whole thing wasn't going to work out. I was one hundred per cent right all around, although I never found out about the velvet.

The first few days were uneventful. I was busy, kept away from the guest house, and saw Miss Gunter and Gordon only in the distance when she walked him on her return from work. It didn't occur to me to wonder what Gordon did with his time while his mistress was at work. I found out only by accident.

Miss Gunter requested more blankets and I took them out to the house. The sight that met my startled eyes made it all too plain how Gordon occupied himself all day: he ate mattresses. He also ate chair seats and the edges of curtains. Whether from hunger or ennui, Gordon had a preoccupation with kapok.

The house was full of it. Gordon thumped his thin, hairy tail in greeting as I entered, and Miss Gunter smiled her *rigor-mortis* smile at me.

"Don't worry about the untidiness," she said. "That's why I wanted the blankets. I can put them over that place in the mattress."

"That place" was a gaping hole, approximately three by four feet, in the centre of the bed.

"I'll have it fixed next week, as soon as I get some money," she added.

The word "money" helped to make me more articulate. "Well, as long as you have it fixed . . ." I said weakly. "But speaking of money . . ."

"I know," she said. "The rent. I'm a little short—but I have a proposition for you. I get a hundred dollars for a portrait. I'll paint yours, life-size, for the fifty I owe you. It really is a bargain."

"Miss Gunter," I said, picking pieces of kapok off my dress, "I need a portrait of myself—particularly a life-sized one—as much as I need a third elbow. I'm sorry." I walked out, suspecting she was crying. People had taken advantage of me, I told myself, for the last time. That's where I was wrong.

For the next few days Miss Gunter avoided me. If I approached her she bit her lower lip (which by now had attained a permanent quiver), puddled up and looked away, making me feel like Scrooge. Then one night she appeared at the back door, misty-eyed and reproachful in manner. She handed me some money. "I'm very sorry I couldn't give you this before," she said, "but we had to eat, too, you know."

The implication that I was snatching the food from Gordon's jowls irritated me. I would have thought Gordon so full of kapok there wouldn't be room for anything else. I thanked her, and she

(Continued on page 88)

Preview...



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OFFER EXPIRES MARCH 31, 1962.

THE OCCUPATION

(Continued from page 87)

handed me a bunch of dreadful crocheted flowers. "I thought you might like these to wear to a party. I made them myself."

This "returning good for evil" technique was lost on me. I said to myself—be tough, mention that the rent was three weeks overdue. To her, I just said, "Thank you so much. They're beautiful. How's Gordon?"

"As well as can be expected," she answered mournfully. "He's very old, you know. We're both very, very old."

This really wasn't my fault. The attitude of general reproach was beginning to be annoying. "I do hope," I said, trying to sound like a landlady, "that Gordon hasn't destroyed any more furniture."

"No," she replied. "He's much less restless now. You see, I leave the lights on, keep the stove going for warmth, and the radio playing all day while I'm gone—the music seems to soothe him. Well, goodnight."

"Goodnight," I said.

Lights, gas, radio—all day, every day. Their cost would be far more than the rent she paid. (Or didn't pay.)

The following evening, with trepidation, I knocked on her door.

"Yes?" she said. Obviously I was intruding.

"May I talk to you for a moment?" I said. "Or am I disturbing your dinner?"

"Well, I was just getting a bite . . ." She nodded toward the table. Even the tongue on the plate seemed to be going "Tsk, tsk, tsk."

And then I knew we were not alone. I felt a riveting gaze and looked up into the slightly crossed eyes of the most enormous, and certainly the ugliest, cat I had ever seen, lying on top of the dresser, its head resting on a pink satin pincushion. It was a no-colour cat, or rather, an all-colour cat—mostly orange.

"This," she said, "is Deirdre."

"Hello, Deirdre," I said.

Deirdre stared malevolently at me.

"I know I should have told you about her," Miss Gunter fluttered, "but I just didn't have the heart, when you've been so nice about Gordon. I've known her for years. She belonged to a friend of mine—a spiritualist—who just passed beyond. I felt I couldn't fail her, that Deirdre needed me. She's very good company for Gordon. I knew you'd understand." She coughed feebly. Gordon scratched his ear, very slowly, and Deirdre yawned. Some of her teeth were missing. I understood perfectly: Miss Gunter was a witch and Gordon and Deirdre her familiars. My courage left, and so did I.

"Well, goodnight," I said, heading for the door.

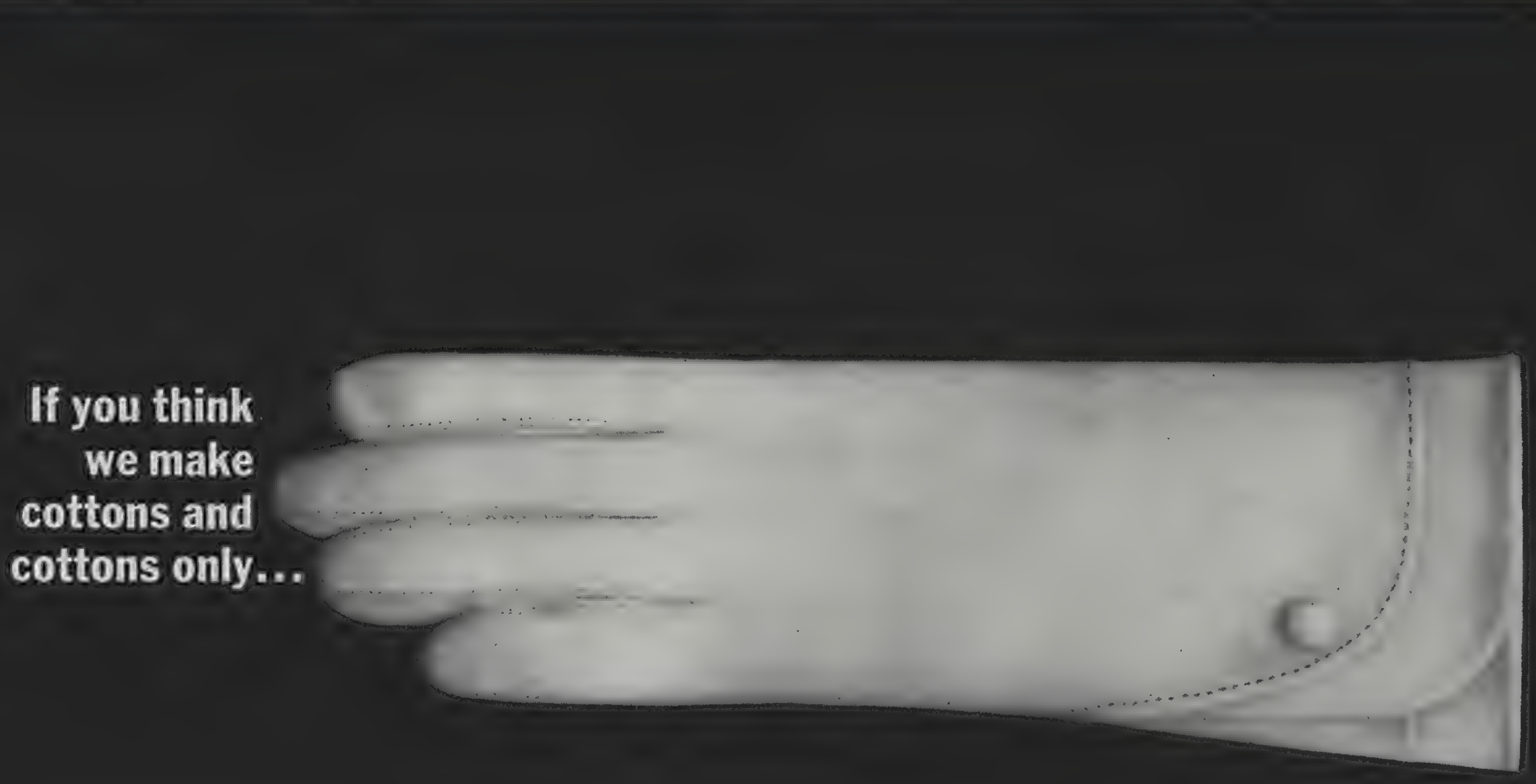
"But you wanted to talk to me . . ."

"It can keep," I said.

Another period of no contact ensued. The time for the rent arrived and passed. Peculiar noises came from the house in the day, and complete silence at night. I was gathering my strength to approach and try to give notice when Deirdre precipitated the action.

I was walking across the garden and stopped to listen to the series of sounds emanating from the guest house. There was a scratching, tearing noise, low growling and feline howls, all of which *segued* into the "William Tell Overture" from the radio. I knew my tenant not only drew the blinds but also locked the door, and was wondering whether I could get in through a window when Deirdre saved me the trouble by coming out through it, glass and all, followed closely by Gordon, showing enormous vitality for a dog of his age. They tore across the yard and I climbed through the window.

The sight that met my eyes was so staggering that realization of the degree of damage came slowly. Miss Gunter apparently shared her rooms with poltergeists as well as familiars. All of the stuffing was out of everything. The place was covered as from a landslide in cotton and kapok. The refrigerator door was lying on the floor. The mirrors above the bar were broken in two, and above them were a series of small round spots, the kind I



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hadn't seen since we used to throw butter balls at the ceiling in boarding school. Possibly this was how Miss Gunter entertained her friends.

The worst damage was to the wallpaper. It had been very nice wallpaper but Deirdre had taken care of that. Whether from frustration at her confinement, proximity to a bore like Gordon, or pure *joie de vivre*, she had simply removed it up to a height of four feet. She had put those stubby little claws in and ripped it off sheet by sheet. As I stood transfixed in the wreckage, the door opened and Miss Gunter entered, followed by Michael.

She said, "Oh dear—where are they?"

I said, "I don't know where they *are*, but I know where they aren't *going* to be—I am very sorry but I must ask you to leave as soon as possible, Miss Gunter."

Miss Gunter's eyes moistened and she started to speak, but as she did so, the strangest noise yet came from under her bed. It was a dry, clicking, parchmentlike sound, coming with great regularity. Click, scrape, click, scrape.

"What's that?" I gasped.

"Heavens!" shrieked Miss Gunter. "Is this the fifteenth of April?"

"What's that got to . . ."

She held out her hand to silence me and pointed to the bed. From under the cover emerged the head of a giant land tortoise. It looked steadily at us and came the rest of the way out. Over the tortoise's shell was a pink baby blanket printed with little white bunnies. The edge of the blanket was tied under its chin with pink ribbon, and the remainder covered its three-foot length like a cape.

"That's Pandora," said Miss Gunter. "I didn't tell you about her because she only gets up on the fifteenth of April. She sleeps the rest of the year so I knew she wouldn't be any trouble. She's three hundred years old and very quiet really."

I was speechless but my son wasn't. He was overcome with delight. "Three hundred years old! Golly, Mom, that's older than you are!"

Slowly, steadily, and rather regally, with her blanket dragging, Pandora was making for the door.

"Would you excuse me a minute?" said Miss Gunter. "She's always terribly thirsty when she wakes up, and I don't like to keep her waiting. A year's a long time to go without a drink."

I agreed, thinking I could use one myself.

My son was trailing Pandora. "May I take her blanket off, Miss Gunter?"

"Yes, Michael, but carefully—so as not to startle her. She's still a little sleepy."

Pandora looked pretty alert to me, and was moving relentlessly to the door. Michael asked permission to carry her, which was granted, and Miss Gunter and I followed him out to the dogs' bowl. He placed Pandora on the ground and Miss Gunter said, "Just leave her there. I will go for Deirdre and Gordon. Oh dear, everything seems to happen at once. I'd quite forgotten it was the fifteenth. Oh—she'll drink for twenty minutes."

Pandora did: exactly twenty minutes by my watch. Miss Gunter returned with Deirdre and Gordon. Gordon looked tired, Deirdre triumphant. Miss Gunter said, "She's through now. Michael, would you pick some roses? All she eats are the petals."

Michael was happy to comply. As I saw the first rose (Mrs. Calvin Coolidge, if I remember rightly) go down, I bowed to defeat. It was too late, I was in this too deep. On completion of her meal, Pandora raised her head, looked me full in the eye, and belched—very loudly.

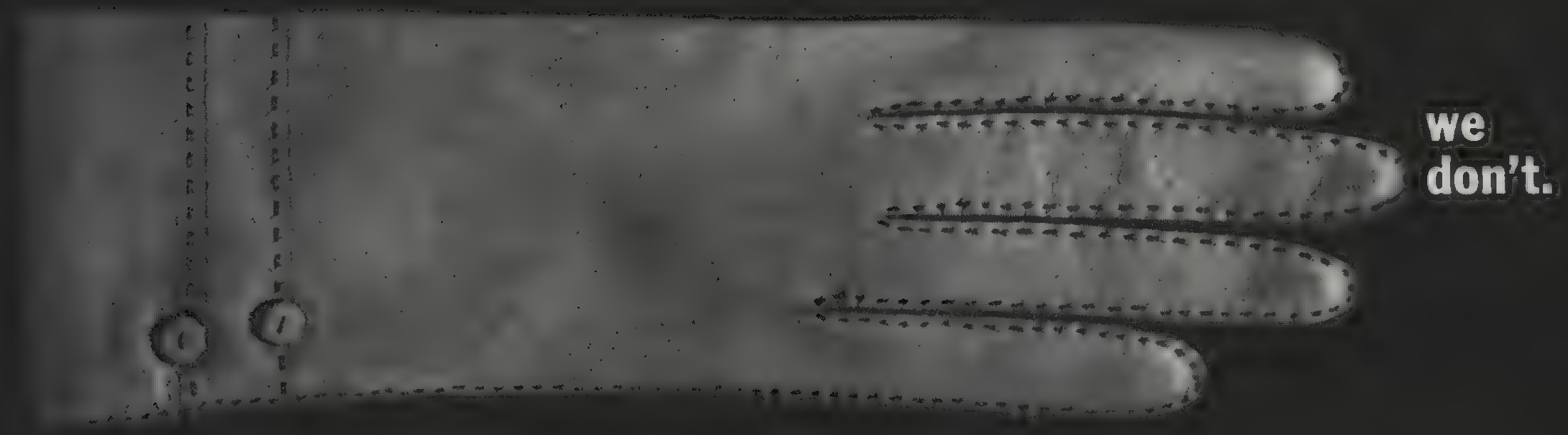
"Isn't she *wonderful?*" shouted my son.

"Just wonderful," I said weakly and went into the house and made a double Martini.

My son joined me, with an apple juice on the rocks. "Miss Gunter says that I can help take care of Pandora," he said. "She's gone back to bed now. I put her blanket back on. But every April fifteenth I can get her up and feed her. Isn't that *great?*"

"Just great," I replied.

That night, after I had sunk into a troubled sleep, I was wakened by the noise of the garden gate stealthily opening. Looking out the window, I could see a figure carrying boxes. The figure slipped through the gate, closely followed by two furry shapes. Miss Gunter and her familiars were running out on the rent. I tiptoed downstairs and locked up our dogs so they wouldn't bark.



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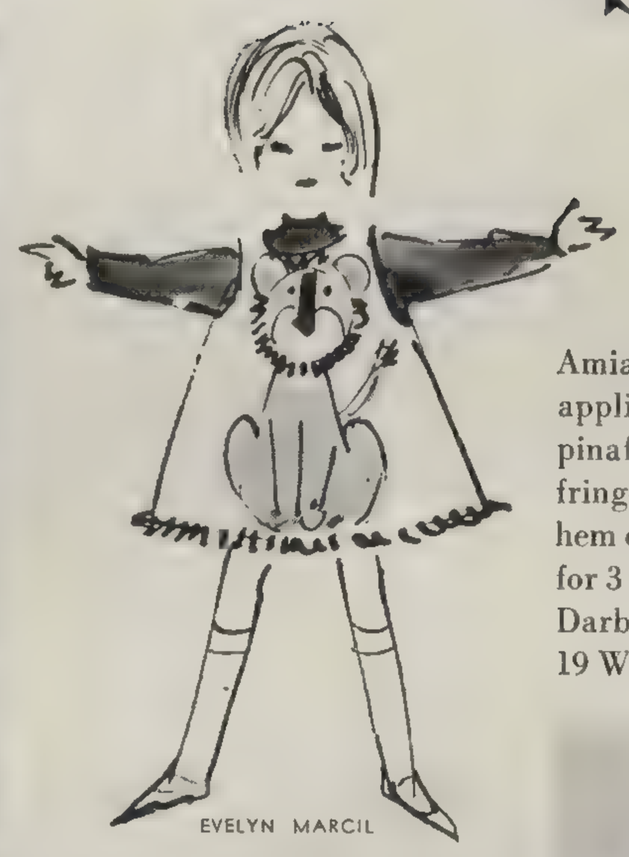


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The bag is out of the cat: small leopard clutch purse, lined in red leather—for transporting money or make-up inside a handbag. 8″ long at the base; $14.95 inc. tax ppd. Oce-Leopard, 244 W. 39th St., New York 18, New York.



Handsome housing for matchbooks: vermeil case (24-k. gold fused onto sterling silver) —handsome on a coffee table, dinner table, or to carry in a purse. $11 inc. tax; 3 initials, 75c extra. Tiffany, 57th St. and Fifth Ave., New York 22, New York.



This year's coiffure interest: non-symmetry. Here, a soft, curvy cap of hair—sleek in the new way, but not really head-hugging. The hair dips across the brow, curves down just to the ear-tips. By Mr. Victor; Tailored Woman, 742 Fifth Ave., New York 19.





Black wool flannel pants with unexpected blue-jeans stitching: 8 to 16, $12.30 ppd. Narrow slink of a sweater in white ribbed wool: 34 to 40, $15.30 ppd. The French Boot Shop, 541 Main Street, New Rochelle, N. Y.

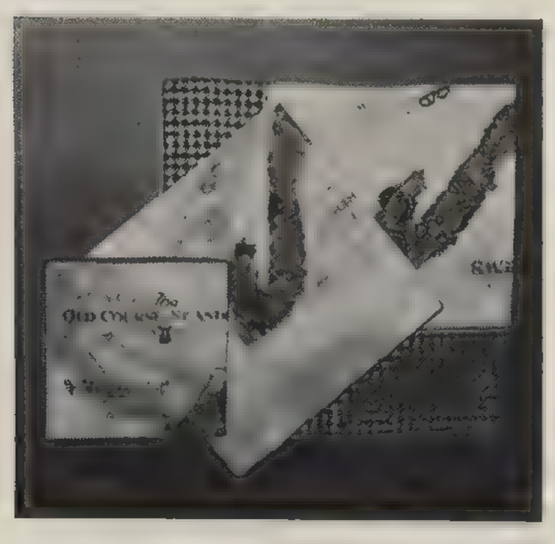
HOUND

...rakes in the news



There's a new Paris-launched rave for the hood. Here, white wool jersey, putting up a foxy front—Norwegian blue fox. It wraps under the chin, buttons in back. Also black or curry jersey. $3.95 ppd. Mercury Products, 1265 Broadway, New York 1.





St. Andrews, the golfer's golf course, mapped in green on a silk scarf with beige and white checked border; 27″ square, $7.50. Un-bordered matching cotton handkerchiefs: man's, 20″ size, $2.50; woman's, 13″, $1.25. Max Littwitz, 801 Madison Ave., N. Y.



A pair of cushions in a plastic case small enough to be stashed easily in a biggish handbag. They inflate into pillows 16½″ long—and it's not a hard blow at all. Excellent for softening up bleachers at football games. Pair, $5 ppd. Kent Fifth Avenue, 745 Fifth Ave., New York 22.



Tall, faintly-crushed turban of turquoise wool jersey, mounted on a smooth black grosgrain band that's bowed at one side. We see it as a single bright dash of colour, to wear with new pale and dark greys. By Rivera, $28.95. Bonwit Teller, 721 Fifth Ave., New York 22.



Gold arrow-head pins—they're marvellous half-buried under stacks of pearls. Cast in 18-k. molten gold, they look as rough and irregular as the real thing. Smaller pin, 2″ x 1¼″, $75; larger, 2″ x 1¾″, $81.50 (both inc. tax). Merrin, 530 Madison Ave., New York 22.

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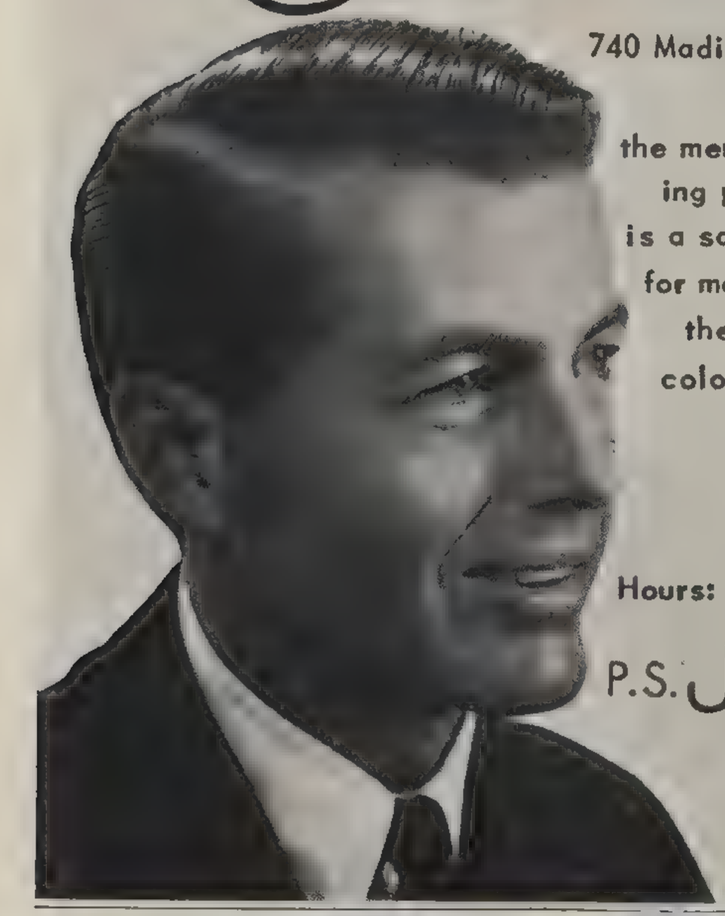






Christopher Joyce

740 Madison Ave., NYC, LE 5-6646



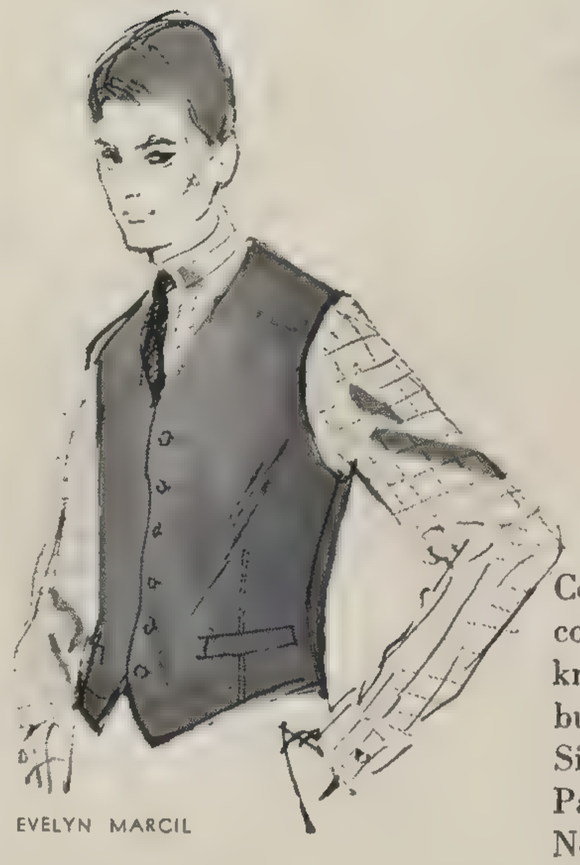
the men's side of the good grooming picture. Christopher Joyce is a salon devoted to hair cutting for men only. Also emphasized: the technique of discreet hair colouring and a special collection of undetectable hair pieces, custom styled and fitted to the individual.

Hours: Mon.–Sat. 9 A.M. to 8 P.M.

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is the women's salon counterpart of Christopher Joyce. Why not join your wife and make your appointments together?

SHOP



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Country-fireside vest of chamois-coloured suède with a sauterne knitted back; smoke-coloured pearl buttons. Made in England. Sizes 38-44. $28.50. Paul Stuart, 18 East 45th Street, New York 17, New York.



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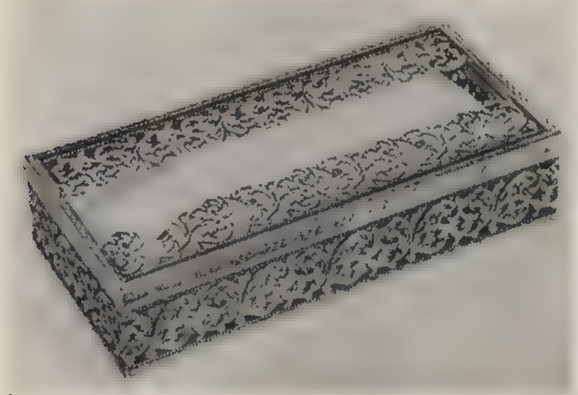
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Rubies, sapphires, and diamonds can be good buys too. They are a very good one in this wide gold ring of 18-carat gold basket weaving. $230 tax inc. Lewkowitz, 430 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

Checkerboard cheese tray—made of Vinyl, fine for playing checkers as well as slicing and serving cheese, bread, etc. Black and white squares with a mahogany-coloured border. $8.25 ppd. Lillian Ross, 305 East 60th Street, New York 22, New York.



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will add beauty to bath or dressing table. 18K Gold plated metal, exquisitely filigreed and antiqued. Will hold full supply of tissues. 10½ x 5" $5.95. MATCHING TRINKET BOX is topped with a cunning cupid holding a cabachon fake jewel. 3¼" x 5½" h. $2.95. The set, $7.95 postpaid.



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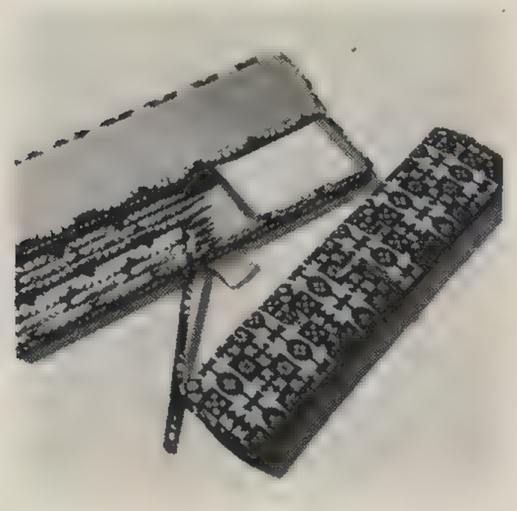


Deep poison-green knitted wool coat, buttoned neatly down the front. The shawl-collar is nearly shoulder-width; the buttons crocheted. Deep, deep pockets start at the hip bone, stop about 10 inches from the hem. The trimming is of ribbed knitted wool. The coat also is made in red and taupe. Sizes 8-12. $98. Le Sorelle, 137 East 56th Street, New York 22, New York.

HOUND
. . . tries on October



Long, longest fur muffler of oyster-dyed beaver, lined with heavy off-white knitted wool. At each end—a deep fringe of the same wool. $195 inc. tax. William Weisberg Sons, 1710 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.



Printed box—traditionally carried by Japanese scholars—looks pretty on a desk now. Many different patterns and colours of Japanese papers cover the box (which contains a memo pad) and pencils. $4.55 ppd. By Lawson & Lawson. Bloomingdale's. Lexington Ave. & 59th St., New York 22, N. Y.



Complete manicure set in a cowhide case. When closed it is only ½ inch thick. Compact and good for purse or travel; contains seven implements. Colours: red, pink, ivory, blue. $12.20 inc. tax, by Wiss at Altman's, 360 5th Ave., New York 16.



Country boot of black calf, sleek and undecorated, is tied on at the back of the ankle with a narrow bow. Sizes: Medium, 4-10; Narrow, 6-10. $11.50 ppd. Bloom Shoes, 311 6th Ave., New York, New York.

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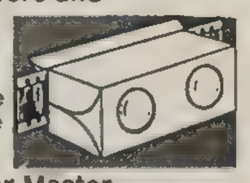
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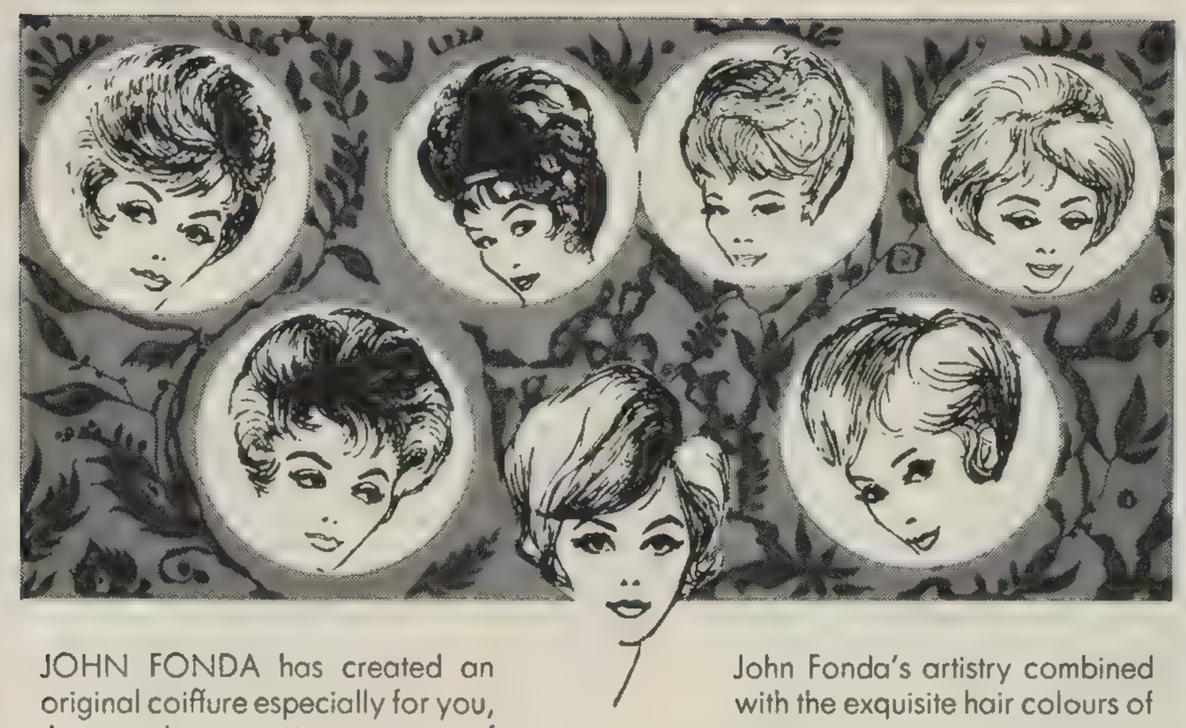


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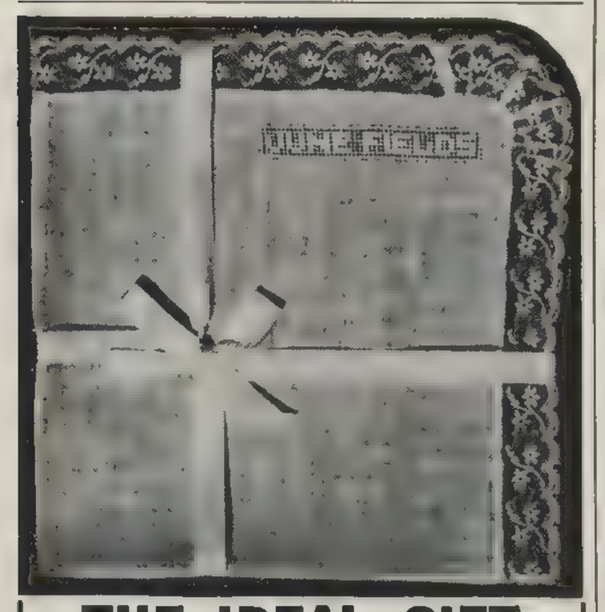


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Top: Boxy little cardigan of smoke-brown nutria, punctuated by topaz-coloured bone buttons. It has the new, important ring collar, and, with a skirt added, it's one of the newest suit-looks going. $295 tax inc.
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All at Harold Rubin, 943 Madison Ave., New York 21.



HOUND

...breezes through October shopping lists



DIANA NORMAN

Coiffure with a new angle—the sidelined part. The hair is brushed across the crown of the head in one long stroke, turns up jauntily at the ends. Prerequisites: hair all hemmed the same length; lots of body (a permanent helps, of course). V. George, 501 Fifth Ave., N.Y.

Lean, low-slung walking shoes of dark brown alligator—scaled in big, tidy squares. Sizes 5 to 10, narrow and medium. By Pappagallo, $25.60 ppd. Harold Grant's Congo Shop, 210 Howard Street, Petoskey, Michigan.

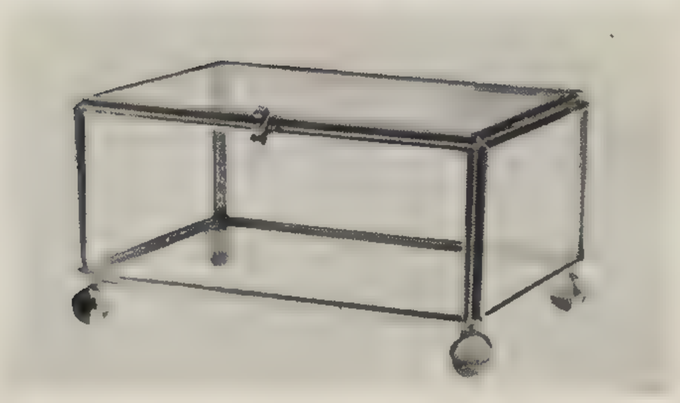
Two sleek, swimmy fish, to set out on the table as salt and pepper shakers—the seasonings spring from their brows. Of silver gilt (sterling silver washed in 14-k. gold); pair, $44 tax inc. F. J. Cooper Inc., 1416 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

For high visibility: clear glass box, brass-framed, resting on topaz-coloured glass feet. To hold cigarettes—or jewels, flowers, anything pretty. 3″ high. $5.75 ppd. Phoenix Pan American Shop, 793 Lexington Ave., N.Y. 21.



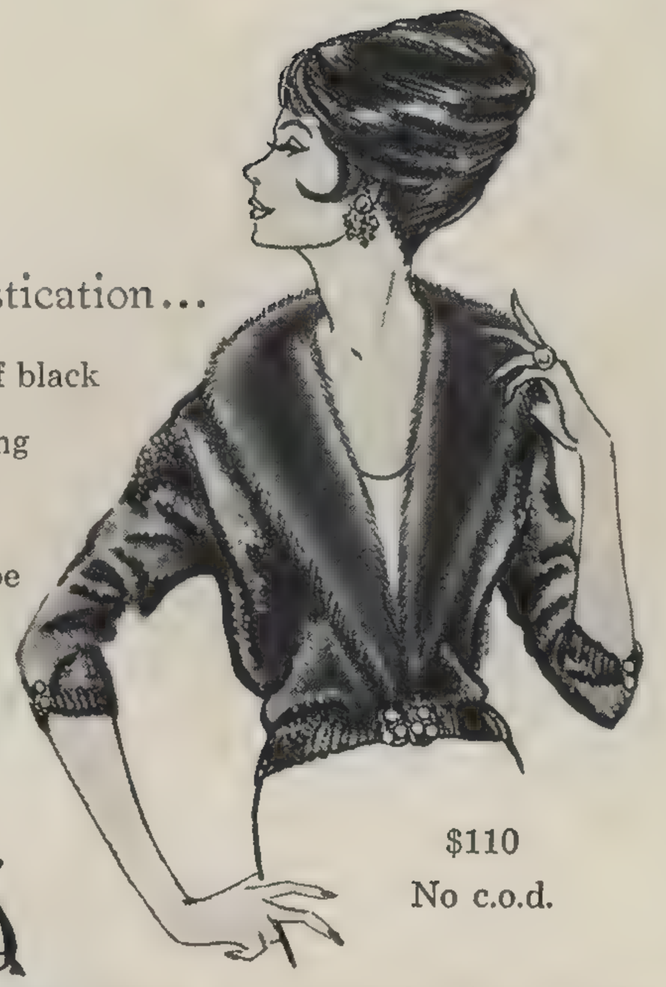
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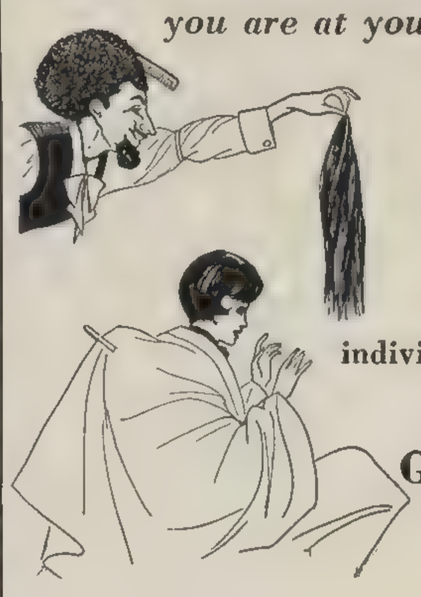
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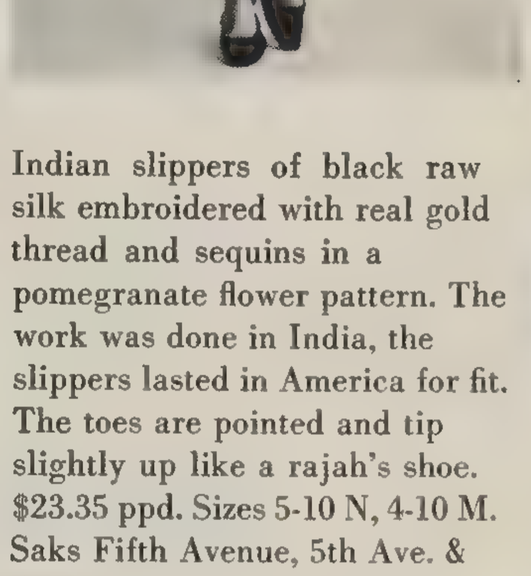


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Indian slippers of black raw silk embroidered with real gold thread and sequins in a pomegranate flower pattern. The work was done in India, the slippers lasted in America for fit. The toes are pointed and tip slightly up like a rajah's shoe. $23.35 ppd. Sizes 5-10 N, 4-10 M. Saks Fifth Avenue, 5th Ave. & 49th St., New York 17, N. Y.



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for those who PERSPIRE HEAVILY

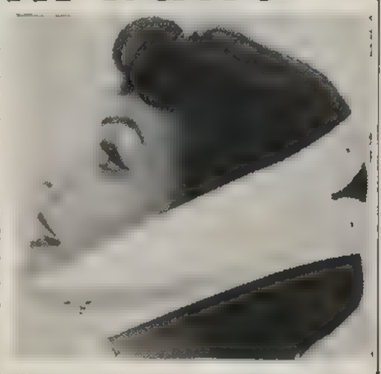


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Quick change of hair for a small amount of money—Hermana wigs, made of human hair in a range of 17 colours. Each, $39.95 postpaid. Hermana Wigs, 164 Clymer Street, Brooklyn 11, New York.

Less-than-white teeth can be painted with a pearlescent cosmetic fluid called Kopal. An opaque, white liquid to apply like nail polish from the bottle. Frostie Winters, 313 East 53rd Street, New York 22, New York.

To soothe tension and aching muscles—Oster's ivory-coloured Massagett, a hand-vibrating machine for relaxing electrical massage. Packaged in a red, simulated alligator travel case. $19.95. Bluette Company, 509 Fifth Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

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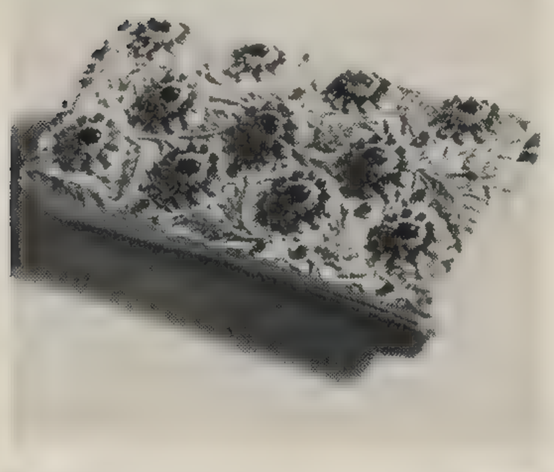
HOUND

Winter jewels... the pricing is easy

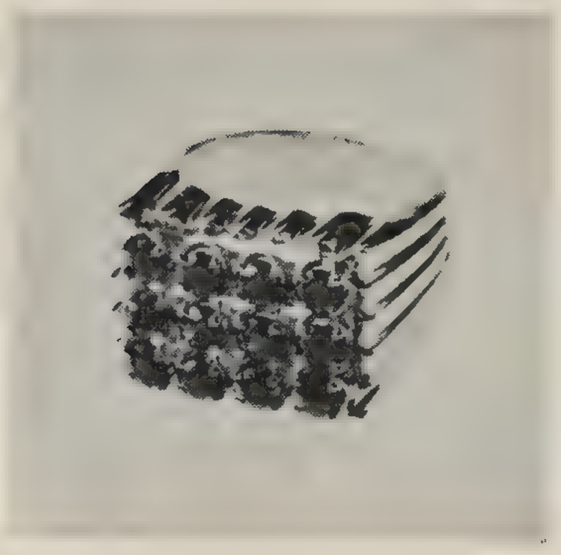


DIANA NORMAN

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VOGUE

OCTOBER 1, 1961



RAWLINGS

VOGUE'S EYE VIEW OF THE LITTLE EVENING HEEL

Clicking now, for evening: the little low heel that, since it arrived for day, has given women a whole new way of walking—brisker, gayer, younger. Attached to it, here, is a satin shoe with square toe, sequinned buckle. All, part of the free, no-mincing legginess that goes with short skirts. And, if this heel can Dance All Night more easily, who's to argue? Shoe by Evins: at I. Miller; Stix, Baer & Fuller; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Hanes seamless stockings, at Altman's.

Plan for a

Comes a moment, along about now, when even the quickest fashion minds—the ones who've already absorbed the news and added at least one fresh jolt of chic to their clothes-lives—when even they settle down to Organization. Where are the wardrobe gaps? Is it the year for a new suit? a time—and we can't imagine a year that isn't—to have at least one new don't-dress dress that's as "strangely potent" as pop music? An essential coat? An extra coat? A hat thrill? And so on. Here and on the next two pages is a Vogue check list of some of this season's best looks, type by type. Most of them have appeared in the last several issues of Vogue; a fast reprise is the idea here. No one, we trust, will want one of each, but assuming—and we do—that any woman alive in October wants something-new-to-wear, we earmarked the somethings-newest in American and French fashion. These are the looks to thread an eye-beam on.

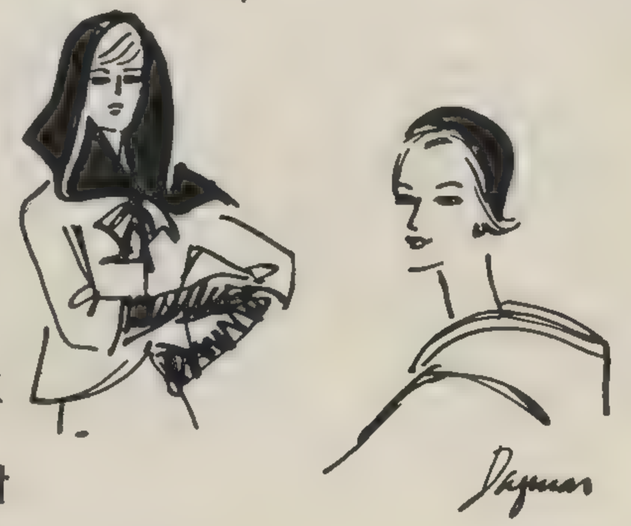
Sound suit-decisions, noted in the usual order: Fitted suit, this moulded in sealing-wax red. Semi-fitted suit; waist suggested, curves pronounced. Unfitted suit in green-tea wool with a lemony silk blouse. Right, a walking-around suit—long jacket with a coat's worth of warmth.

Suits: If this is the year for a suit to join the clothes ranks in your closet, the newest look to search for is a fitted suit. Nothing with that



Hats that count, ticked off left to right. Top: The side-tilt. Tartar hat—a Paris stamp in velvet and fox. Big fur beret.

Below, a pair of Paris charmers: the hood and the shapely little calot to wear under it.



a quick review of

wardrobe:

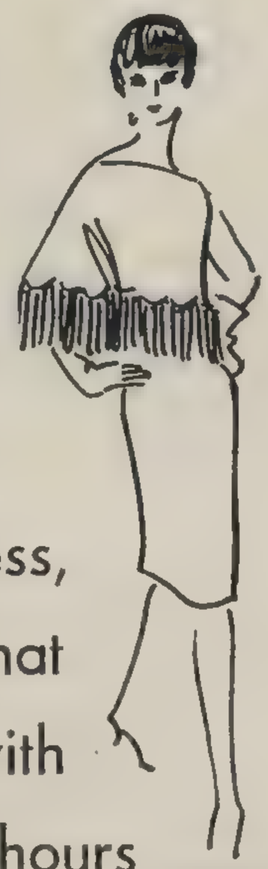
"motorman's glove" grip around the waist, but the jacket will be far from aloof. Or—and this is one of the fashion pleasures now—you can compromise on the mere suggestion of in-curves. Here too, and still sparkle-plenty fashion: the straightish, longest jacket in an interesting new green, a blued red, or eggplant. And again, though the image has flashed across the scene before, the walking-around suit fills a certain city bill as no other suit can; at least one woman we know thinks of it as a two-piece coat, collects silk and jersey tops, cashmere skivvies that give the skirt (unjacketed) presence enough for indoor locations. Hats: Sketched in summary, to the left, five of this year's looks, including the hatless woman's love, the calot. As for the fur hat, if you have one, wear it. Coats: The safest dollar is the one invested in a daring coat. From Paris there's the biggish pale wool (top, left) with a lifted waist, way-out collar. Next, two versions of scarf-dashed coats, one with the look of a lanky, incredibly chic pinafore. For the woman who wants subtlety, a fur-lining (any-beast-you-name) will turn the trick. And for the woman with a head for figures—the really fitted coat.



Coat news, above, starting left: Demi-fitted coat; elevated waist—a Paris idea. Scarf coat; tweed muffled in fringey tweed. Paris stole-coat. Lower row: Fur-lined coat—ambery fox, topaz tweed. Fitted coat with a disciplined flare.

the best new looks

More on what to buy... what to skip; a quick review of the best new looks

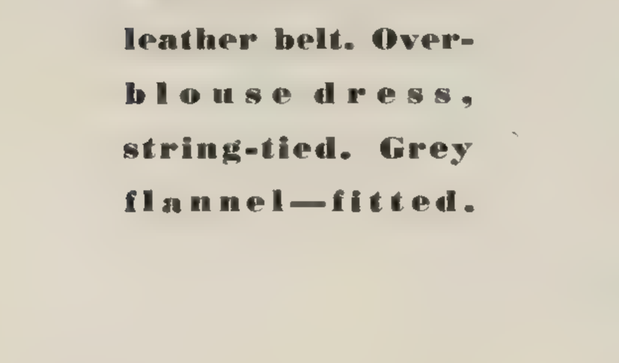


Fringe, a this-season signature—above, on a late-day dress; one shoulder bared.



What's In day-to-day. Soft wool, left, bloused over a leather belt. Over-blouse dress, string-tied. Grey flannel—fitted.

About the inevitable: Smash in the middle of the most venturesome, stimulating fashion thinking is something that crops up as "what do I wear all day every day without looking uniformed or dreary or being bored with myself?" . . . A dress, in other words. A dress that has a working rapport with coats as well as with assorted hours of the day. These are dresses to be had at prices that range from field to hothouse; only your life can figure which investment is soundest. Obviously, if every day requires an all-day dress, this is a fact to be reckoned with in heavy-money terms. On the other hand, if you live in deep country in pants, sweaters, and tweeds, the all-day dress becomes an occasional shopping-in-town dress. Either way, or in between, three good bets—neither long shots or blatant safety plays—appear to the left. Bargains in chic: Without these no woman gets from fashion what fashion owes her; namely, pleasure, bolstered confidence, and—let no one be deceived—the buoyance of good temper that more women need more hours of every day. Above, right, "something with fringe." It happens to be, here, a late-day velvet dress, but it might have been a tweed suit; it's the fringe that puts it beyond the banal . . . To the left, shoes



The square-toed shoe for day, in smooth leather or reptile; heels lower than before.



Long and narrow—the great evening-choice this year.

Designers, shops, details, on page 179.

that make another year's clothes spell n-o-w. Squared toes, heels that aren't emaciated. Lizard ... and they might be dulled red, peppery brown.... Not a bargain, usually essential: That's where the big evening dress comes into a fair share of American lives. And we have this to say: If you live for big evenings, look for a switch from your usual fashion game. If big evenings are not the big night looks for you, forget it, and make the one or two long dresses you buy turn those crowded rooms enchanted —this year that means make them narrow dresses. Dazzle that works: Works for you, with you, goes on and on—the late-day dress, chosen with a cool eye for what you bring to it never misses, and the choice is wide open. Late-day black crêpe, sliver of glitter, a dinner suit that's severe as tweed and frankly sensational —there's a look that goes on after six for everyone who writes F. on her tax return. Something velvet: Top velvet this year—the suit that's made to go out from lunch-time on, just incidentally goes to dinner. But if that's not simpatico, if your suit-life is too crowded for another look, there's other velvet fashion to be had—right down to the toes; see the evening shoes in reverse-fifth position to the right.





Seven o'clock successes; top row: Overblouse dress, glittered all over. Furred velvet suit, worn with a beaded blouse. Black crêpe —this Paris version, bloused at back. At left, dress and jacket—lightly jetted.



Love in the afternoon—velvet suit.



Square-toed shoe for little-evenings: velvet dressed with satin bows.





the small-fur sensation

Never mind, for a moment, what it is. Here's what it's not. The small fur is not a big-fur substitute: the shoestring sable necklace that's shown a few pages ahead is not our idea of the poor woman's sable coat (in fact, in the case of the sable coat, it would not be an embarrassment of riches to add to it a small-fur muffler of white mink). Like any other fashion idea that ever rode into a full-tilt sensation, the small fur generates original charm—and the news that it charmed with pretty much equal intensity in Paris and America should give you some gauge of its persuasiveness. Now, on to small fur specifics: Almost any shape of hat you can name can be named in fur—close-fitted calots, the big Dior excitement, in broadtail, in leopard, in mink; enormous fox-dripping hats that remind one of Genghis Khan, had he had a really good milliner; pillboxes, fezzes; and berets of all sizes, the bigger the newer. There are basically only three points to note about fur hats in general: brimmed hats are usually tailored hats, and they're a daytime thing; the brimless ones work right through little-evenings; and they all work smashingly with fur muffs or fur scarfs—one of their own kind or a close relation (e.g., sable with mink, nutria with beaver). Or, if your passion for separates extends to fur, these are good possibilities: long hairs with short hairs, light fur with dark—white mink with crew-cut black seal; black-and-white lynx with brown broadtail; white mink with black broadtail or Persian lamb. As for the scarfs themselves, they come as triangles, necklaces, chokers, or baby boas, and the proper attitude toward any of them is a fairly flip one: fur scarfs look dashiest when they're tossed off as scarf-type scarfs. Knotted like a riding stock, stashed into a coat, or muffled up on the neckline of a velvet dinner suit—however you do it, the point is, a little irreverence is a big thing in the small-fur life.

Left: Small-fur idea, a long-hair sensation—soft, downy, natural grey fox, pale as ashes. The beret is enormous, and tilted; the boa is knotted like a riding stock. (Unseen, but strongly sensed: a suit of claret-red velvet or a day suit of palest grey flannel.) The little foxes: Sally Victor's. Also at Woodward & Lothrop; I. Magnin.



When is the little fur a little-evening fur? When it turns up on velvet (or brocade, or satin); when it's a cowboy-triangle of mink—and dazzlingly white. *Left:* Minked velvet—over-blouse dress in moss green velvet, paved with deep, dark, delicious mink. (Note about fur-trimmed clothes in general: the big moment in their lives might be a hat of the same—or similar—fur.) Jane Derby dress (Martin rayon velvet) with natural ranch mink. Marvella bow pin. Both at Bonwit Teller. Dress also at Nan Duskin; Hudson's; I. Magnin. *Right:* Triangle of white mink to wear any evening when just this much fur is just enough (there are at least thirty-one in October alone); and to wear with one of the new covered dinner suits. Scarf of bleached mink, by Ben Zuckerman; Bonwit Teller. Tulle hat by Emme. Scarf and hat also at I. Magnin.

HORST

SMALL FUR–
LITTLE-EVENING
LOCALES

THE FUR-WITH-FUR SENSATION

Illustration of a small-fur principle: what looks just fine with one touch of fur is another. Here, lamb with lamb; beaver and one of its closest family ties—nutria. Left: Black wool dress and jacket, curled around the edges with black-dyed Southwest African Persian lamb; one of those 4:30-and-on looks that needs very little to nudge it into major elegance—rows of pearls, big earrings, longer glossy black gloves, a Persian lamb pillbox. Costume by Branell. Saks Fifth Avenue; Rich's; Sakowitz. Gloves by Wear-Right. Right: When is fur more than fur? When it's an idea. This very good one: brown wool tweed suit, scarfed with a flick of beaver, worn with a tall, squared nutria fez. The suit—its own collar is notched, rounded; the skirt, flared—by Adele Simpson; about $185. Lord & Taylor; Julius Garfinckel; Frost Bros. Nutria fez, by John Frederics.

HORST



*t*HE SMALLEST FUR SENSATIONS

Fur, these two pages, used in minimal—but telling—amounts. And that's one key to what makes a small fur a fur-sensation: the point is, not how much—but how.

Directly right: Shoestring necklace of Russian sable circled over a cognac-coloured dress, and worn with a sable beret. The moral of this being, there's as much sound planning in a small-fur look as in a successful ad lib. Costume (dress of Blin & Blin wool bouclé), by Pattullo-Jo Copeland; Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; Julius Garfinckel; Sakowitz.

Russian sable beret: Irene of New York.

Far right: Fleecy, long-haired camel-coloured wool, and one of the best friends it could find in fashion—a white satin overblouse banded in the suit fabric. Another: a fluff of lynx stemming a mushroom of velours. Hat and suit (of Dormeuil fleece and Bianchini silk), by Galanos. Meyers Make gloves. All, Bergdorf Goodman. Hat and suit also: Nan Duskin; Dayton's; I. Magnin. The make-up by Lancôme—a pale, warmly apricot approach to camel.

HORST



FOR SPACE BLUE—
FUR IN THE JET RANGE



HORST

Wilder than navy, not as brash as electric, this new blue looks wonderful with black—black Persian lamb is the idea here, and the cowboy scarf on this page was designed specifically—and dashingly—for the suit on the opposite page. *Left:* Space-blue suit with a skinny little pea jacket, no collar, a skirt that's meant to get around whether the planning division is urban or sub-. Probably with a straight little skivvy of cashmere sweater added to its already considerable charms. Suit by Ben Zuckerman, of Anglo wool whipcord. At Lord & Taylor; Dayton's; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. New for brunettes: the paled cinnamon notes in the mannequin's hair, manageable with one of the Roux Whipped Creme hair tints, called Color Originals and designed for lots of burnish, no brass. Two ways to have the sensation of fur—the cowboy scarf of black-dyed Persian lamb; the round little toque, *above*. The scarf can be had (for a price) with the suit. The hat, also black-dyed Persian lamb, is by Amrose. Both at the stores above. Eisenberg rhinestone earrings.

RAWLINGS



PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . Dwight D. Eisenhower's remembrance of 1945 thinking in his 1948 book *Crusade in Europe:* "Berlin, we were convinced, was an experimental laboratory for the development of international accord." . . . The extraordinary book, *Picasso's Picassos,* written and photographed by David Douglas Duncan, cataloguing five-hundred-and-thirty-two Picassos owned by the artist, three-hundred-and-fifty of them previously unknown. . . . In *Splendor in the Grass,* an edgy movie set in Kansas in the rumble-seat era, the young attractions of Natalie Wood, Warren Beatty, and Barbara Loden, a meaningful blonde who packs her brief performance as a defiant, love-poor rich girl with a long taunting power. . . . "Ozwald," an upside-down mask for children that is breaking up their elders. . . . This sign in a dress shop on Eighth Street near Fifth Avenue: Village Spoken Here.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The predictable three-parts-gin-to-one-part-Sucaryl flavour of the movie *Breakfast at Tiffany's,* which contrives to sandpaper Truman Capote's scared but game party girl, Holly Golightly, into a part written precisely for Audrey Hepburn; although Holly was in the novel "strictly a girl you'll read where she ends up at the bottom of a bottle of Seconals," she ends up in the movie in Loveland with George Peppard, strictly a boy Sky Masterson would have called a breakfast-eating, Brooks Brothers type. . . . Karting, the new snap among the Continental youngs who race Vespa-wheeled, saddle-seated baby hot rods at fifty miles an hour; to race at St. Tropez costs a dollar a minute, with everyone in black casques to soften the tumbles.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . *On the Contrary,* a new collection of essays by Mary McCarthy, whose flashy, driving intelligence and rather trompe l'oeil prose are trained here upon such targets as Simone de Beauvoir ("her credulity . . . amounts to a kind of superstition. She is so eager to appear well-informed that she believes anything anybody tells her, especially if it is anti-American and pretends to reveal the inner workings of the capitalist mechanism") and Arthur Miller, who, wrote Miss McCarthy, "declares that he is an exponent of the 'social play' and identifies himself with the Greek playwrights, whom he describes as social playwrights also. This delusion was dramatized, if that is the word, in *A View from the Bridge.*" . . . The crush of poetry bars around Madrid's Plaza Major where fledgling poets recite long Lorca-genre poems in exchange for dinner and an occasional peppering of either *olés* or bread crusts. . . . From Gerald Carson's *One For a Man, Two For A Horse,* an illustrated souvenir of patent medicine promotion and advertising ("I broke a blood vessel and was cured by Pulmonic Syrup"), these definitions in the Glossary of Pitchmen's Terms: "Squawker—a complaining customer"; "Simp, Hick, Rube, Chump, Gill—the rest of us."

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . Claudia Cardinale, who soufflés with the hot pant of a sirocco, in *Girl With A Suitcase,* a heavily furnished Italian movie combining the violets-and-ham staples of Parma with the wistful young charms of Jacques Perrin, who over-loves C.C., a young rage and a fresh beauty, of whom the novelist Alberto Moravia once said, "I see an appetite for life which is pure, spontaneous, and entirely devoid of intellectual and moral complications."... *Clock Without Hands,* the rather dimensionless new novel by Carson McCullers, who seems to have written it all—the small Georgia town, the pain of adolescence, the pathos of death—before, better. . . . One mother's last word on fourteen-year-olds: "They don't need parents, they need cruise directors."

Cyd Charisse—a brilliant night look.

In a fling of Paisley, *opposite,* Cyd Charisse—one of Hollywood's fizziest reasons for witty, dance-drenched movies like *Singin' in the Rain* with Gene Kelly, *The Band Wagon* with Fred Astaire. Her next, *Two Weeks in Another Town,* now being filmed in Italy, will take to the screens later this year. The show here—a truly devastating idea for evening now: wool tapestry coat, Paisley-printed in sprawls of persimmon and green, its cardigan straightness edged all around with bands of fisher; a silk chiffon dress, short, printed in the same Paisley. Costume by Scaasi; both fabrics by Liberty of London. Shell-shaped earrings of rhinestones, amber stones, also by Scaasi. All at Saks Fifth Avenue. Costume, also at Woodward & Lothrop; Frost Bros. Air-brushed coiffure, here, by Kenneth of Lilly Daché.

BRUCE DAVIDSON

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

Here, some of the men who will be proving now and in the near future that, in the movies and in the theatre, a good man nowadays is not so hard to find.

SIR MICHAEL REDGRAVE, a tapered man with a large amount of auburn hair, a justly famous profile, and distinguished versatility, will be on Broadway shortly in *The Complaisant Lover*, Graham Greene's study of one marriage. The first act has all the classical trappings of farce, with a cuckolded husband, a valet who knows too much, a hotel bedroom dense with traffic, and at least three characters exhibiting that solid failure of vision in the face of the obvious that is called dramatic irony. The second act turns serious: Redgrave, as the husband, plays, with the brilliant precision of a drill, the dull dentist too given to jokes, finds out that his wife of sixteen years, Googie Withers, is having an affair with an antiquarian bookseller. In the third act, what with a self-abnegation achieved all around (the husband suggests an installment scheme whereby wife and bookseller can meet four times a year), the ending is satisfactorily happy. Redgrave, who in twenty-seven theatre years has even sung Macheath in a revival of *The Beggar's Opera*, has, in addition to acting, produced, directed, lectured; been appointed a Commander of the Order of the British Empire; received from King Christian of Denmark the Order of Commander of the Dannebrog for his services to Danish literature. Somehow, not long ago, he found time to write his first novel, *The Mountebank's Tale*.



SIR MICHAEL REDGRAVE
IN "THE COMPLAISANT LOVER."

PETER FINCH, a man whose solid lure could seemingly crumble any cookie, strikes home again as the mediocre Member of Parliament with little to commend him except his insensate ambition, in the movie, *No Love for Johnnie*. Rejected by his wife, his Party bosses, his constituents, and, most crashingly, his beautiful young girl friend, Mr. Finch, as middle-aged Johnnie Byrne, garners the love of none of the characters included in the movie script. But thanks to the handsome Finch magic, all thinking characters included in the movie audience stick adoringly with Johnnie right through his absorbing story's non-bitter end.

RICHARD BURTON, a masterly, green-eyed actor with felling radiation in all rôles from Shakespeare's through Alan Jay Lerner's, plays Antony in that off-again-on-again movie, *Cleopatra*. On again now in Rome, the rescramble retains Elizabeth Taylor, adds the legion charms of Rex Harrison and Roddy McDowall, both of whom play Caesars. (Mr. Harrison, Julius; Mr. McDowall, Octavius.) In this two-in-one spectacular, Cleopatra traps both her men, Caesar and Antony, a convenience in time sparked by the director and writer, Joseph L. Mankiewicz, who favours a Plutarchian, rather than a Shavian or Shakespearean, pitch. Mr. Burton, whose *curriculum vitae* already logs nineteen plays and fifteen movies, has, in regard to his six-month future with *Cleopatra*, quoted from Ecclesiastes, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." Not an actor to stop at Actium, he will in May appear in London in Sartre's *Le Diable et Le Bon Dieu*, a play he has ached to do for years, but until now has been too young for. The rôle calls for a man of forty; he is thirty-five.

BERT STERN



PETER FINCH, THE JOHNNIE OF "NO LOVE FOR JOHNNIE"



RICHARD BURTON, LATELY ARTHUR OF "CAMELOT,"
NOW ANTONY OF "CLEOPATRA."

MEN IN THE THEATRE

GEORGE GOBEL, who once said "If I had my way, I'd do a 15-minute show once a month," will start this month on Broadway doing a some 150-minute show eight times a week. His famous crew-cut, his nonplussed susceptibility to the strange shape events take will fit right into *Let It Ride,* a musical that stems from a twenty-six-year-old comedy, co-authored by George Abbott, *Three Men on a Horse.* Mr. Gobel will play a greeting card poet who likes his greetings sweet—"Drop dead, pal" cards do not issue from his typewriter. A non-bettor with an uncanny way of picking horses, he falls in with a bookie, Patsy, portrayed by **SAM LEVENE.** That melancholy-eyed veteran of thirty-four years of show business ("If there wasn't a play, there was a movie, and if not that, television or radio") played the same rôle, without music, in *Three Men on a Horse.*

PETER FONDA, brother of Jane and son of Henry, lopes over a Broadway stage for the first time in *Blood, Sweat and Stanley Poole.* A tall, tousled twenty-one-year-old, with the same slim slouch as his Nebraska-born father, the young Mr. Fonda, like his father and his sister, interned at the Omaha Playhouse. In *Stanley Poole,* as a gun-shy, bookish draftee, he gives a quick course in the Humanities to a book-shy, trigger-happy Army career officer, Lieutenant Poole. For that rôle, **DARREN McGAVIN** has relinquished for a while the hat pushed back on the head, the dismaying habit of being knocked out at least once a week, that are part of his act on television as Mike Hammer.

NOEL COWARD and OLIVER SMITH, *below,* are main riggers of that not so calm but very prosperous voyage, *Sail Away,* a nippy song and dancer about Ameddicans cruising the Mediterranean on a British ship. With his usual, brilliant loquacity, Mr. Coward staged *Sail Away* and wrote everything, the book, the score, and the three-sheets. With *his* usual persuasive prodigality, Mr. Smith teamed on the costumes, and designed the smashing red-funnelled, triple-decked liner, the ports of call—one of some half-dozen Smith sets now on Broadway, with three more to come: *The Gay Life, The Night of the Iguana, Daughter of Silence.* The Coward score, ranging from puréed ballads to beefed-up belters such as "Why Do the Wrong People Travel?" whammed out by Elaine Stritch, keeps the boom from falling on a book of which the rudderlessness bothers no one. *Sail Away* is obviously off to a *bon voyage.*



GEORGE E. JOSEPH



GEORGE GOBEL IN THE MUSICAL "LET IT RIDE."

GROVER DALE, *lower right,* a young, skinny-ribbed dancer on the passenger list of *Sail Away,* streaks through his dances like a greased gazelle, especially in the big boff number, "Beatnik Love Affair," something he does with Patricia Harty and quite a lot of other people. A recent graduate of *West Side Story,* Mr. Dale, who helped with the choreography of *Ballets U.S.A.,* can sing, too.



PETER FONDA, THE DRAFTEE IN THE COMEDY, "BLOOD, SWEAT AND STANLEY POOLE."

THREE OF THE MEN ABOUT "SAIL AWAY": NOEL COWARD, ABOVE LEFT, OLIVER SMITH, ABOVE RIGHT, AND GROVER DALE, RIGHT.

FRIEDMAN-ABELES



NUREYEV

Rudolf Nureyev, a superb Russian dancer, thrilled Parisian audiences with his spectacular performance in Tchaikovsky's "Sleeping Beauty," drew even more attention when he refused to depart from the Paris airport with the Leningrad Kirov Ballet Company. He stayed in Paris. Often compared to Nijinsky for his combination of muscles, technique, and presence, Nureyev, who speaks English and French almost as fluently as he does Russian, is now touring Western Europe with the Marquis de Cuevas Ballet troupe. "Dancers like Nureyev," the administrator of that revivified troupe said, "don't need very many rehearsals."



PENN



The side tilt—
4 ways to wear the Paris coiffure news

There were bangs, or there was a certain loftiness through the crown, or a ribbon of hair was swept, like heavy silk, straight across the brow. There were, in fact, several variations—but the most alluring coiffures to come out of Paris this year made a single, unvarying impression: they were, to a hair, one-sided. Briefly, the idea is this: a great deal of hair on one side of a profile-low part, and on the other side, very little—enough to turn under, or tuck behind one ear, or to eclipse entirely behind one of the new Paris hat-dazzlers. At left, one-sided hair on the short side, sashed across the crown, and anchored on the low side with a stupendous glitter-and-velvet bow. (Anchoring of another kind might come by way of a good permanent, which in today's terms is a word implying lots of body, uncurly waves. Lenthéric has the word down pat—French Flair Permanent Wave.) Below, about as long as one-sided hair ever gets, and as bouffant—hair raised lightly over the crown, and pressed into an optimistic sort of wave. Dior hair-bow. Coiffures on these two pages, by Guillaume.



PENN

Side-tilted coiffures

More ways, here, to wear the news of sideswept hair. And the fact that there is more than one way to wear a single stroke of coiffure-excitement isn't the least of its charm. What's wanted for the one-sidedness below is hair that's medium-short—tapered from seven inches to two—and a part that begins very nearly where the eyebrow wings off. From this, the hair is teased out over the top of the head. Coiffure, by Guillaume. Sideways hair, at right, with some familiar entrancements brushed in among the news—a toss of brow-tipping bangs, soft tendrils of hair curved on the cheeks. This idea is by Jacques Dessange, Brigitte Bardot's hairdresser, and a young man presumably willing to carry the cause of good looks to the tidelines if necessary: his newest salon is on Tahiti Beach at St. Tropez.





Suit looks in the don't-dress life



Two plans for late day, showing this season's open-mindedness about shapes. One, a free fall of jacket-over-sheath in bright brocade; the other, a newly waisted dress in black—punch-lined by a flared peplum. *Left:* Dinner suit (dress, jacket) on straight, near-East lines, of magenta silk brocade. Provided: two crocheted buttons. To add: marvellous jewellery. A Galerie fashion; about $90 at Rosette Pennington; Cherry & Webb; Bramson's; Vandever's. *Right:* One way late-day black is heading now—a covered, suit-looking dress that closes in at the waist; news here—the peplum revival shirred to jut-out stiffness. By Dorene, of silk and worsted; about $90 at Bloomingdale's; Hudson's; Bramson's.

HORST



HOW TO GET BY ON A LOW I.Q.

BY STEPHEN BARR

I have always found that my mind stiffens up when I try to read a book of instructions. Asking around, I find that I am not alone. Quite a few of my friends have the same trouble, and it has occurred to me that it's more than the way most do-it-yourself books are written. It's that they are written on the wrong subjects: I don't *want* to know how to fix the hi-fi. Let somebody do it who already knows how.

There are, however, times when you have to cope. Some people think that what they need is a knowledge of the world, or *savoir-faire,* but this only puts them in competition with the experts. What you really need is good old-fashioned low cunning. The unorthodox, or tricky, is better than the tried-and-true, and I have worked out some examples to give the feel of what I mean.

How to water the plants. There are certain things that are very hard to remember when your wife is away, and watering the plants is one of them. It's no good putting up signs, because they soon become invisible, and pretending you didn't hear her remind you is absolutely out. The trick is quite simple, really, but requires a little experimenting. Get an empty forty-six-ounce tin can and puncture a very small hole in the bottom with a thin nail (and hammer), fill with water and balance over the plant with a pile of books. For the smaller pots make still smaller holes, or there'll be water all over the rug. *Experimentum Docet.* Remove the evidence before she returns.

How to get a taxi. It often happens that when you urgently need a cab—this is usually late in the evening—the only one in sight doesn't want to stop; he's going home, or to pick up somebody else. You wave, and he shakes his head. Now. All you have to do is frown and point at one of his rear wheels. He will almost certainly stop. Get in quickly.

Baby-sitting. I refer not to the professional arrangement but to the occasions when friends ask if you'd be an angel and keep an eye on the children—they won't be any trouble—while we go to this dull party we can't get out of. If you get trapped into saying yes, you must go to their house carefully prepared. Forget everything you know about dealing with the children's problems. Make it immediately evident that *you* are a problem—after the parents have left, of course. Whine and complain. Make it a real production. You might even drop and break something, like a cup; the children eventually will be blamed, and in the meantime their attention will be respectfully rivetted upon you. If they show signs of returning hegemony, offer a prize—one dollar, and in cash—to the child who builds the highest stack of books, starting with the *Britannica.* Be sure not to tidy up afterwards. You won't be called upon again.

Out-staring people. When you catch someone's eye in a bus and they keep right on staring, I suppose the simplest thing to do is just to look away, but that leaves one with the feeling that they're probably still staring, and it is quite disconcerting. You feel it on the back of your head. The best thing to do is to return his stare for a few seconds. Then let your gaze fall to his tie or lapel, and widen your eyes in astonishment. You can then safely look away: he will not be staring at you any more.

How to tidy the apartment in eighteen seconds. This is especially useful for summer bachelors. When the boss or somebody phones and says he's just around the corner, and can he bring a friend up?—say *(Continued on page 181)*

ONE-OF-A-KIND EVENINGS—

The fabric is eloquent enough for any white-tie evening; the form, an austere little statement of flattery. This dress of Indian silk, magenta whirled with gold-and-silver threaded flowers, handwoven with no two pieces from the bolt exactly alike. The lipstick, Damask Plum, a lucent, wine-dipped colour to wear with this autumn's range of reds, magentas, clarets; part of Helena Rubinstein's new herbal collection of creams, masque, make-up, other cosmetics, which she calls Herbessence. Dress by Adele Simpson, at Altman's, Julius Garfinckel, Joseph Magnin. Pale beige stockings by Beautiful Bryans. Shoes by Evins. George Tanier chair.

KAREN RADKAI







GREEN WHEN IT'S GREAT

—and it is here—
sends out the special allure
that's irresistible because
it's There; not working for
compliments, just getting them.
Coming and going, both these
dresses, left and far left, have
the added charm of their own
wraps—one a sweeping mantle,
the other a stole.
Far left: Dress by Rosalie
Macrini, of silk satin; silk handbag;
both at Saks Fifth Avenue.
Dress, also at Gus Mayer;
Neiman-Marcus. Lipstick:
Gay Gossip, by Antoine.
Left: Dress by Hannah Troy;
of ribbed worsted-and-silk
ottoman; stole of silk satin;
both fabrics by William Rose,
at Bonwit Teller; Julius
Garfinckel; I. Magnin. Coiffure,
here by Verdi. On both pages,
gloves by Kislav;
jewellery by Harry Winston.

PENN



Dazzle without décolletage

The newest way to look in the evening this winter—unbare. Necklines are high, sleeves often long, and the long dress has new dazzle, more and more places to go. *Left:* Norman Norell's two-part evening coverage is long, flaming red, and wonderfully unlimited—age is no factor in the wearing; it can go to the most glittering ball; give a dinner party or go to one. The silk jersey top is cut like a sweater. The skirt—yards of satin brocade (Staron silk). The long, wide sash of blue moire ties in a military bow. At Bergdorf Goodman; Hutzler's; Frost Bros. Chair by Dux. Coiffure by Michael of the Revlon Salon. *Right:* Entrance-maker—a theatre suit of textured white matelassé by Ben Zuckerman. The dress, not long but otherwise quite covered up even without the jacket, furred with bleached white mink. At Bergdorf Goodman; Rich's. Earrings, green and glittering, are at Bergdorf Goodman. *Both pages:* For beauty—swatched below—a velvety royal-red lipstick and nail enamel, Revlon's new Louis XIV Red. Both are at all the stores mentioned above.

KAREN RADKAI



"Take no for an answer"

By Joan Didion

There is a kind of morning when the world takes on for me the general aspect of a painting by Hieronymus Bosch. The tulips on Park Avenue appear to be dirty. The mail contains a post card which touches me with malevolence because it is written in that vacant, untroubled backhand commonly affected by young women who wear sleeveless printed lawn blouses and Bermuda shorts. One friend exhibits his essential venality by failing to ask how I feel; another his pervasive banality by asking. *Noli me tangere, sweetie.*

Although I would naturally prefer to think my malaise symptomatic of some acute moral superiority or perilously heightened critical faculty, this particular brand of disaffection is known, in more objective circles, by a depressingly clinical name. It happens to most of us some of the time; it happens to some of us most of the time. It is called repressed hostility, and it afflicts with most monotony those of us who most resemble Ira Gershwin's Poor Jenny (*bright as a penny*), whose problem it was that *in twenty-seven languages she couldn't say no.*

We could scarcely feel hostile, after all, if we did not feel threatened. To be unable to say no is eventually to feel coerced, so entirely at the mercy of others that the most casual or reasonable pressure—an invitation to dinner, a letter that calls for an answer—seems an unreasonable demand, one last grievance among the many with which one is asked to *put up.*

All the while, we are nonetheless enmeshing ourselves in fresh webs of unwilling acquiescence. *Of course* we can be in Dallas Monday next, since you asked, although both love and money require that we be in New York; *naturally* you should come by for a drink in five minutes, although we are in bed, will have to send out for bourbon, and are reduced to quivering ennui by the very thought of you. Asked to do a favour for someone we do not much like, we will disappoint our families, miss appointments, rise from sick beds—because what excuse, however valid, could possibly veil our real distaste? If we are seated at dinner next to a man we have never before met and he begins a mild flirtation, we feel a certain nagging compulsion to behave as if the vichyssoise contained the potion brewed by Iseult's mother; we appear to be forever overdoing things.

The crucial phrase here, however, is "appear to be." Far from overdoing things, we who can not say no rarely do them at all. Once down to the wire, we seldom make it to Dallas on Monday next. What we do instead is feel guilty that we did not.

The guilt, in at least one sense, is entirely deserved. In almost every instance, we have managed to cloud the issue with our oblique promises, tentative assurances, delicate deceptions, our

compulsive variations on the theme *she didn't say yes but she didn't say no.*

Backed to the wall, a young woman I once knew explained to an admirer that any more lasting arrangement was quite out of the question because he was in the habit of dictating letters at home and she, unlike his present wife, did not take shorthand. There was no need for me to ask how she had hit upon that particular explanation, or why she thought it more plausible than the real one, which was simply that she did not feel one way or another about him. I knew even as she told me. Her own wishes, after all, scarcely seemed germane; this detail about the shorthand did. It had the sound of a problem one could put one's finger on, had about it the air of reality that her own preferences or inclinations so noticeably lacked. Somewhere along the way she had, in brief, lost touch with herself.

It is precisely this kind of breakdown of communication with oneself that underlies an incapacity for the straightforward no. It is possible to decide between desires and obligations; it is possible to decide between divergent desires. It is not possible—except arbitrarily—to decide between unknown quantities. Quite simply, to make up one's mind requires knowing it.

Those who lack that sense of reality about their own present or future are naturally incapable of saying no; they can make, in fact, no decisions at all. Instead, they play rôles, the more improbable the better. I recall thinking, one hot California July, that I wanted to marry a golf pro. It was not his charm, although he may even have had some; nor was it that we shared what marriage counselors sometimes call "a mutuality of interests." It was precisely that we did not. Although my aversion to outdoor games normally approaches the pathological, he first endeared himself to me by assuming, when I once mentioned Joseph Conrad, that I had in mind a Lieutenant Joe Conrad who had that year won both the Trans-Mississippi and the Southern Amateur, the latter, if I recall correctly, by a six-to-four margin at Lakewood Country Club in Dallas. I instantly perceived the dramatic possibilities in my being the wife of a golf pro: it had overtones of *Main Street* and *A Lost Lady* and *Follow the Sun* and even *Pylon*, and I was so entranced that it took me some weeks to realize that not only did this particular golf pro have every intention of entering the Bank of America training program come September but he also had a fairly clear idea of who the other Joseph Conrad was, had even read *Almayer's Folly*, which I had not. Once these and similar points were established, the spell was broken; the rôle had ceased to be playable, had threatened to present the same troubling uncertainties and ambiguities that characterized real life.

Whether our indecisiveness is chronic or occasional, those of us who harbour uncertainty as to what we want have, clearly, a vested interest in not finding out. It relieves us of the possibility of discovering that our feelings, in general or in regard to some one question, are something other than we might have hoped. As a counter agent devises a cover story, we devise situations that would seem to preclude the possibility of choice, remove the threat of responsibility. We like our stage directions clear: *enter the wronged wife.* If there is one thing irresistible to us, it is a good cross to bear; we are fatally drawn toward anyone who seems to offer a way out of ourselves. No one, of course, really does. At first attracted to those who seem capable of forcing the hand, we then resent their apparent refusal to understand us, their failure to be both Svengali and *someone to watch over me.*

There is a kind of dream—a nightmare, really—in which one is pushed onto a stage just as the curtain rises. Because it is too late to find out what the play is, let alone what part one is expected to play, one can only watch nervously for clues; could that cocker spaniel in the wings mean that someone is playing Elizabeth Barrett? Who? Why, in any case, is the orchestra playing the *Pal Joey* overture? And if the spaniel is accidental and the game really *Pal Joey*, what are those Lunts doing downstage? In mounting desperation, one scrutinizes the other actors, strains for possible cues, leaps miserably from improvisation to improvisation.

It is a dream that inevitably ends in cold panic, as does the malaise it so resembles. When we have so lost the sense of self that we have no idea what part we want to play, we feel compelled to succeed in every rôle offered—and end up succeeding in none. Oversensitized to every ambiguous cue, our performances emerge at best as brilliant improvisations. In no case do they bear even the most tenuous relation to our own wants, interests, or obligations. Incapable of perceiving exactly what we are, we try instead to be everything that's asked of us—or, more accurately—everything that we *think* has been asked of us.

The irony is that we never really know. Our very anxiety gives us a peculiar selective deafness; listening obsessively for certain nuances in the lyrics, we never quite catch the tune. Should a friend call to say that she is ill, we wonder not what we can do for her but what she expects us to do for her; should someone say that he loves us, we respond not to him but to something we interpret as the *claim* in his voice.

Claim is a word that crops up in the inner vocabulary of someone who can't say no with the approximate frequency that it does around the Metropolitan Life office. *No claims on me:* It gives us away, even to ourselves. Although the compulsively complaisant appear to be loving and generous to a fault, they are, in the most disabling sense, closed to the world. To be unable to say no is really to be totally egocentric: one wants to please only because pleasing alleviates one's own *angst.*

Forced to please everyone, we usually end up pleasing no one—least of all those we should want most to please. It is easier to snarl at one's husband than to tell a casual acquaintance that one is too busy to see him; easier to disappoint one's father than to refuse a favour to someone one scarcely knows. One's husband and father, after all, can be won again; the rest of the world must be won now or not at all.

If we fail to discriminate between our real and imagined obligations, we become so paralyzed by the enormity of what seem to be the claims and cross-claims upon us that we are unable to meet even the most reasonable ones. There is no charm strong enough, no sedative potent enough, to enable us to be all things to all people: to try to be Hetty Green at four o'clock, Guinevere at five, and Caroline English at six is finally to forget whoever it is we see in the mirror. One finally loses all sense of one's own wants and needs, comes to exist only in the approval of others. Something seems to have been mislaid, and it is futile to look in the drawer with the birth certificate, the passport, and the Book of Common Prayer inscribed by the Bishop; useless to call the lost-and-found, pointless to wonder whether one had it that day on the New Haven. The article lost would be hard to describe. *When did I last have my self?*



The contemporary fur—fitted coats

Of its time, but not limited to it: any fur of the first water ought to be able to provide both qualities in abundance. On these pages, four that do, beginning with the news of fit. *Left:* Persian lamb and mink—a combination, in its way, as satisfying as Nichols and May. They simply work beautifully together. This, of black-dyed Southwest African Persian lamb; the collar, natural ranch mink. At Bergdorf Goodman.



Right: What a fitted shape demands of fur is tremendous suppleness. What seal has now —to spare—is suppleness. This, by Fredrica, of black-dyed Alaska fur seal. Lord & Taylor; Halle Bros.; Hudson's; I. Magnin. Both pages, Kislav gloves.

PALUMBO



The contemporary mink—new directions

The way furs are growing—more and more luxurious all the time. Even established, reliable mink—undeniably a fur with a following however it's sliced—is taking contemporary directions. *Left:* The fur is horizontal, cut with a swag—straight from shoulder to hip, flared from hip to hem. By B. Weinstein. Gold powder case by Verdura.

PALUMBO

Right: Mink set on a slant, worked in the shape of a chevron; three-quarter sleeves. Emeric Partos design made to order at Bergdorf Goodman. Both coats are of "Lutetia," Emba natural gunmetal mutation mink.



AFTER SIX:

THE NIGHTSHADES

Don't-dress looks, reflecting the revival of black for after six—the engaging new all-hours talents of grey.

Far left: Body-skimming black crêpe (a near miss now is infinitely better than a mile). By Raffaele of Enka rayon, and acetate; $110. Tailored Woman; Bramson's.

Left: Almost-black feather-flannel dress; black-rimmed scallops, soft, unstrict skirt. By Jamison of Forstmann chiffon wool; about $50. At Bonwit Teller; I. Magnin.

Right: Less than hem-length coat of brocade; to wear with jet beads stacked in the uncollared neckline, over its matching dress or with a slender black dress of ribbed silk ottoman. By Highlight of rayon, acetate, and nylon matelassé. Matched coat and dress, $145. At Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; Harzfeld's; Neusteters.



The bigger dash of

COUNTRY-MILE SWEATERS

Leading this year's field-and-stream chic is the Long Pull sweater—big textured, appealingly bulky, to wear with straight wool pants. *Opposite page:* Pull-over sweater of blue wool, hand-knitted in cable-ese. Pants, blue wool flannel. Both by McMullen; sweater, about $35; pants, about $25. At Lord & Taylor; Rich's; Montaldo's; Hovland-Swanson. *Far left:* Parka with hood and zipped front, of plum-coloured knitted Orlon laminated with Curon. Here, with blue stretch pants of Helanca and wool, a plummy combed cotton pull-over. All by White Stag; parka, about $30; pants, about $40; pull-over, $3. At Lord & Taylor; Frederick & Nelson. *Near left:* Wide-mouthed sweater in speckled tweed knitted of brown-green-white wool. By Famelia; about $18. White ribbed wool hood by Echo. Both of these: Julius Garfinckel.

JÉROME DUCROT

COUNTRY-MILE SWEATERS

continued

Near right: White cable-knitted wool cardigan over a sleeveless gold wool pull-over, moss-green knitted wool pants. All by Gino Paoli; cardigan, about $50; pull-over, about $13; pants, about $30. Robert Leader; Neiman-Marcus. Capezio shoes. *Centre:* White rib-knitted wool pull-over sweater with cowl collar, over nutmeg wool tweed pants. Both by Robert Sloan; sweater, about $18; pants, about $23. Both at Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; Joseph Magnin. *Opposite page:* White wool cardigan over a sleeveless beige wool pull-over, both knitted in an Irish twist pattern. Pants: grey wool flannel. All by Tudor Square; cardigan, about $18; pull-over, about $15; pants, about $15. Best & Co.; Hudson's; I. Magnin. Paisley scarf: Echo.

JÉRÔME DUCROT



BY SIR OSBERT SITWELL

Once, when travelling...

Travelling by rail with my father and mother always presented its own tortures as well as its own pleasures. What vistas of journeys with one or other or both, my memory treasures and recreates; journeys from Scarborough to London, for instance, in an extinct kind of railway carriage called a saloon, rather resembling, only of course much smaller than, a private Pullman car. It had wide windows, and on the ceiling a gas jet blossomed like an evening primrose under its thick bell-glass. It also contained a table on which to place the luncheon baskets, made of polished and creaking brown wicker, which we would invariably buy at York station. There we would stop just long enough to take them on board and to be formally greeted by one of Henry Moat's elder brothers who was for many years stationmaster and, when on duty, always wore a top hat and frock coat as became his dignity. Then we would be shunted to join the London train. The luncheon, when taken out of the baskets with a great rustling and crackling of grease-proof paper—and after we had survived the recurrent disappointment caused by unwrapping layer after layer from one large packet to find it consisted only of a particle of salt—always in the end revealed cold chicken, cooked long ago, or, it may be, smoked by the engines that snorted their funnels off in York station. These chickens posed, as well, an educational puzzle: were they claiming to have been educated at Eton or at Harrow, because, though they had plainly been the right age to enter—or as for that, to leave—either, they wore the colours of both schools, being striped laterally with light blue and dark blue? It was difficult to tell. . . . (My father had his own views about railway food, as upon many other matters, thinking it excellent, and I recall his saying to me when he was going by train to Renishaw: "I shall lunch at Chesterfield station. You can't beat it.")

As I was saying, travelling with my father and mother always presented its own special difficulties, beginning with the train you caught. My mother always kept her travelling clock half an hour slow, my father his watch, ten minutes fast; my father liked to be two hours early for any journey—indeed, my mother told me that on one occasion she decided to be there first, and arrived at the station two and a quarter hours too soon, only to find him already waiting on the platform. Then, in addition, he liked to break the journey unnecessarily at unexpected places; whereas she liked to go straight through to the end and object of her journey. She liked to read and rustle as many newspapers as she could, and, particularly, nearly to miss the train by buying them at the last minute: ("Where is your mother? The train is just going.") or sometimes she would send her maid, who always returned with the wrong papers. My father liked to rest on his round, life-buoy air cushion and read about the palaces erected by the Emperor Frederick II, or technical papers such as the *Lancet*, whence he derived his medical theories, subtly changed when passed through his temperament, or one of the architectural magazines and the *Saturday Review* (of the board of which he had once been Chairman, when Frank Harris had been editor); or the latest volume on *Leaden Jewellery in the Middle Ages*. My mother would look at the *Tatler* or the *Field*, but liked best to talk on the journey, my father to be silent, except occasionally to administer a snub where it was not wanted. In consequence, of later years, they often occupied seats in separate railway carriages and had to be rounded up at their destination by my mother's maid or by Henry or Robins.

Once, when travelling from Scarborough to Renishaw, I remember that our governess decided to take us for a stroll in the station and contrived to become lost as utterly as if we had been in the Green Hall of the Amazon Valley. We got back to the train too late, just as it was snorting out of the station. She then found out that she had not any money on her and was obliged to borrow £5 from the stationmaster; though why she should want £5 for that short distance could not be imagined. . . . My own time was spent—as by most children in a train—in screaming and looking out of windows, so that I can see that parents also had much about which to complain.

One occasion, the most startling that occurred, comes back to me with particular clarity. It took place while the whole family was travelling together. The train was standing in Dijon station when a ticket inspector entered my father's sleeping car and discovered that our tickets had been issued the wrong way round; from Venice to Paris instead of from Paris to Venice. He threatened to turn us off the train. My father was furious with the inspector—more furious, I think, than with the people who had issued the tickets—and I recall his announcing with a very English accent:

"J'ai été plusieurs fois membre du parlement anglais et vous ne pouvez pas jouer avec moi comme ça!"

Eventually, however, we were allowed to continue our journey. . . .

My father and mother, as I have said, rarely sat together of later years, but when *(Continued on page 173)*

BY PAMELA HANSFORD JOHNSON

The most remarkable walk in London

It is about two and a half miles, all within the Royal Borough of Kensington, walking due north from Earls Court tube station. In the course of it you will see pretty well every stratum of London society, barring, perhaps, the stratum of the rich-rich, which is now dispersed among the embassies of Belgravia, the office-blocks of Knightsbridge and Mayfair.

The Earls Court Road has a kind of scruffy glamour. It is architecturally stodgy, the shops have no particular charm; but in early spring flower-barrows explode their colours all over the place, and the young men and women, the men with longish hair, or with Roman-type, or Henry V haircuts, the women with pony-tails, sweaters, woolly stockings, young couples pushing Beatnik-looking babies in prams, give it a raffish air. "Earls Court, Gateway to the Orient," it has been cynically called, because the coloured population is high; but it is largely a student population, and the race riots that troubled the quarter we shall reach at the end of our walk didn't trouble this part of the world. During the worst of them, the pubs of Earls Court were full of blacks and whites, living in amity as usual. Why wasn't there any trouble? Because a large part of the Earls Court population, which can look dangerous or even criminal to a nervous eye, consists of intellectuals of some kind or another. This is the home of small-part television actors, journalists, painters who can't afford (few painters can) to live in Chelsea, which is now given over to the Smart. And intellectuals, with all their faults, don't tend to bother about the colour of skins. That's a game for the stupid, the mad, the idle-minded.

Now we cross over, and proceed through Hogarth Road, which has become exceedingly scruffy of late, into Kenway Road, which is like a village street. On one side, nice little shops and a dry cleaner's which contains the most euphoric man in London, a Mark Tapley to the neighbours; on the other side, smart little houses with polychromatic front doors, flowery gardens, blue convolvulus, forsythia, an almond tree. Out into Cromwell Road.

At the beginning of this century, Cromwell Road was smart. Indeed, it is still stately in its way; it is broad, tree-lined; its big houses now broken up into mansion flats, lodgings, hotels, student hostels, were built for people with four servants at least. This is where the idle-rich son of Kipling's sea captain, in "The 'Mary Gloster,'" lived to be denounced:

> "I've seen your carriages blocking half o' the Cromwell Road,
> But never the doctor's brougham to help the missus unload."

A coarse old fellow: I should have liked to hear the son's side of it. But you can hear the ghostly wheels of the brougham today in the Cromwell Road, when the plane trees are rattling under the rain, and the dusk restores to those big houses the stateliness they once knew. I live there myself. I am very fond of the place.

Now into Lexham Gardens, a heavy crescent full of private hotels, one painted in the bluish-green of the Winter Palace, in Leningrad, and with a hop, skip, and a jump over a high kerb, into the Gothic twilight of Cornwall Gardens, where French château architecture prods the sky, and our treasured and remarkable Miss Ivy Compton-Burnett ritually pours out the tea and sees to it that no knife goes into the dish of jam. This is an area of muted garden squares, *mornes et soucieux*, as I should be tempted to call them, if I really felt a garden square could be described as care-laden. (In fact, I think it can.) From open windows on a spring night, music may float out; but it will be Bach, not cool jazz, which is heard in the side streets off Earls Court Road.

Retired people live here, in flats often a good deal too large for them; flats with huge high ceilings and not much light. Sometimes a real *maid* is seen here, in a cap and apron. (Maids still exist in England, but you have to pay them something like the salary of an Assistant Principal in the Civil Service to make them dress up for you.) On the south side there are some curious houses, the first floors sunken below ground level; on the wall of one, an iron cat forever chases an iron bird.

Turn sharp left, now, through a narrow passage, and right into Eldon Road. Here we are beginning to be chic; these are middling-size, costly houses, with little gardens in front of them, flowering trees, and the rest of it. You can grow your roses safely in the front yard; the kind of children likely to pinch them don't pass this way. Eldon Road has a few oddities. On the wall of one garden, a vine grows in profusion, drooping with blood-red grapes, awakening thoughts of blushful Hippocrene: the vine is plastic. No. 19 is a house of Southern Mediterranean inspiration, with wrought-iron gates, oriel window, engaging plaques smothered with lions, unicorns, and pretty girls. Since no street directory has been issued since the war (so far as I am aware) I don't know who lives in it.

Turn now, into Victoria Road. At the junction of this and Eldon Road is an ivy-covered mansion with heavily barred windows, reminiscent of houses in stories by Mrs. Henry Wood. The big wooden door has a grille in it. I have never seen anyone go in or come out. For all I know, it may contain the liveliest, the *(Continued on page 169)*



Evening dresses with star quality

We might—with a bow to S. J. Perelman—call these two glamour-drenched evening dresses Cloudland Revisited. Both are copies of dresses made in the 1930s for two of that era's most alluring movie stars, by two of Hollywood's most celebrated designers. Now—with the 1961 passions for crêpe, for beading, for long, slithery, covered evening dresses—they look marvellous again.

Left: The original of this dress, a swoosh of beige crêpe, was made for Rosalind Russell—a still-bright star—by the famous Adrian. 1961 version by Rudolf, in beige crêpe of Celanese acetate, and rayon (Couleur fabric); about $160. Jewellery by Eisenberg. All: Bonwit Teller. Dress, also Montaldo's; I. Magnin. Coiffure by Frederick Jones. Vicuña rug by Georges Kaplan.

Right: For Carole Lombard, at her glittering zenith, Travis Banton made the original of this glittering dress—a slither of white crêpe, thickly starred with silver beads. Copy by Edward Abbott, in white crêpe of Celanese acetate, and rayon (William Rose fabric) at Saks Fifth Avenue; Gus Mayer.

KAREN RADKAI



What the knitted dress does—and it's not news now, just fashion in the clothes-bank—is practically everything, at practically any hour. What it needs is underlining with exactly the right shapemakers—the girdle-to-go-with-the-dress chosen just as carefully as the big pin you rivet on it. Controls to look for: soft, unstiff brassières, hip-whittling girdles—and especially, pantie girdles, because they make for a limber stride with new easy, walkable skirts. *Far left:* Pantie girdle, grown up to be an all-in-one. Made with white Lycra, with inside garters and a soft-contour brassière of Du Pont nylon lace. By Tru Balance, about $30. At Altman's. *Directly left:* Ingenious inner panelling shapes a pantie girdle as smooth-fitting as second skin—invisible under the thinnest fabrics. White power net of nylon and Lycra; satin front panel of acetate, cotton, and Lycra. By Gossard, about $14. At Altman's; J. P. Allen. *Above:* In mint green, a put-over with the new offside closing, tied at the hip-bone over an easy skirt. Both of Milliken double-knitted worsted: $50. At Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman. *Directly right:* Lithe, long-legged pantie girdle, as light as a lace slip. Of white Lycra and Antron nylon. By Smoothie, about $13. Franklin Simon. *Far right:* Mushroom-coloured sweater dress—the top like a polo shirt, with this year's long skinny sleeves. By Junior Sophisticates of wool-and-rabbit's-hair; about $85. At Bonwit Teller; I. Magnin. Ranch mink hat by Emme.

KAREN RADKAI

The shape message —

what it means to knitted clothes



Shaped clothes— the inside word

With the new clothes closing in on the body, what's needed is a figure that flows smoothly; what shapes it best: an all-in-one. *Opposite page, far left:* Light, comfortable control — with bands of elastic below the brassière. White power net made with Lycra, and white Ban-Lon lace. By Cordé de Parie, $25. At Franklin Simon. *Opposite page, right:* The natural waistline—back and firmly belted. By Rivero and Mojena of grey wool jersey. $125, at Saks Fifth Avenue. Emme shocking-pink hat. *This page, left:* Skim-fitted grey coat dress, fastened on the slant with pompons. By Rembrandt of Orlon and wool (Stevens fabric); about $55. At Lord & Taylor; Hudson's. Hat by Serendipity 3. *Right:* For more serious slimming: white nylon lace power net made with Vyrene, doubled at the waist; satin panels woven with nylon and Vyrene. By Poirette, about $30. At Lord & Taylor; Hudson's.

KAREN RADKAI

Under lock and key—way under

I was happily rereading *Barchester Towers* the other day when suddenly a bit that had slipped by without my noticing on previous readings struck me and brought on an attack of acute nostalgia. Dr. Grantly inquires if the palace repairs had met with the bishop's wishes, and I quote:

"Mr. Slope had, moreover, observed that the locks of the outhouses were very imperfect; he might specify the coal-cellar and the wood-house.

"Mrs. Proudie had also seen that those on the doors of the servants' bedrooms were in an equally bad condition; indeed, the locks all through the house were old-fashioned and unserviceable.

"The bishop thought that a great deal depended on a good lock, and quite as much on the key. He had observed that the fault very often lay with the key, especially if the wards were in any way twisted."

I suppose that on previous readings, I had simply assumed that this preoccupation with locks was a bit of mid-nineteenth-century English quaintness. I have since come to be on intimate terms with English locks and I know better now.

Last summer I lived, with my husband and my two sons, in an English house, and mostly what we did was lock and unlock doors.

Mind you, I have no particular objection to locks and keys. We have them on our own house here, and from time to time, when we're going away, we do lock up. But I don't have much faith in them either. For one thing, there are two panes of glass on either side of the front door, and all a burglar has to do is stick his hand through the glass, reach in and open the door. I've always felt that if a burglar was going to come in, he might just as well do it without breaking the glass and adding to the cost. (I've often wondered just what a good professional burglar would do in our house anyway—mostly, if he carried anything off he'd be doing us a favour, with the exception of the beds and the stove, and even those—I don't know—he can take those, too.) If the burglar didn't feel like sticking his hand through the lights on either side of the front door, he could just as well break the glass in the back door, or if he preferred, he could simply come in through any of several windows that face the porch. It's all one to me. I'm just saying that locks or no locks, our house wouldn't present much of a problem to anyone really set on getting in. You should see the people who get in as it is: small children selling greeting cards, people reading meters, lost people wanting to use the telephone, people trying to sell us encyclopaedias and tea—I don't know—sometimes I think we'd be better off with a good honest burglar.

When we first saw our English house, Mr. Camberton, from whom we rented it, patiently spent most of a day explaining the details of the house to us, and there was a long complicated part about locking up which neither my husband nor I was quite able to grasp.

Actually it was some time—a couple of months to be specific—before we really got the hang of it.

As I said before, I have no real basic objection to a lock here and there, and a neatly labelled key or two, but this house had a bunch of keys which, if you lifted them from the hall table without having been warned, made your knees buckle.

The house had four doors leading to the outside world: the front door, a door at the end of the hall which led to the garden, a back door in the kitchen, and a cellar door, both of which also led to the garden. A look at any of these doors gave the immediate impression that a magician in a black satin cape was about to come out and do an escape act, or that a battalion of knights in suits of chain mail, mounted on gorgeously draped steeds, was about to come from somewhere at a full gallop, their lances at the ready, and storm the citadel. Each door had a heavy bolt at the top, a heavy bolt at the bottom, a big strong chain in the middle, and a well-made stout English snap lock. I could see how a burglar might try to come in the front door, but how he was to attempt to get in through any of the other three by way of the garden was hard to see, because between the house and the garage (which was kept locked, of course) there was a good strong ten-foot-high

wall, with barbed wire across the top, and a door with a good strong lock (locked) in it.

We somehow would have thought that would be sufficient protection from even a determined burglar—it certainly would have satisfied me—but evidently English burglars are better than American burglars, because that was only the beginning. One must now assume that the burglar, foiled in his effort to come in through a door, is about to smash his way in through the windows. We wouldn't want him to do that, would we? So the windows downstairs were all equipped with heavy, inside wooden—well they call them shutters, but they're more ramparts—that are slid back into the walls in the daytime and pulled across the windows at night—and locked and bolted. (Bishop Proudie and Mr. Slope would have liked them.) You have now kept the burglar out, but you have absolutely pulled something in your back. Is it worth it? Oh well, perhaps it is, and the house isn't safe yet, not *nearly*, so let's go on.

Taking into consideration the firm-jawed doggedness of the British character, one must now think of the possibility that the burglar has not given up yet, and has smashed his way in through the window *and* the wooden shutter (perhaps with an axe or hatchet, or possibly even his halberd) and is, at this very moment, crouching in the dining room, electric torch in hand, selfishly stuffing silverware in his big bag. We wouldn't want him to get into the rest of the house, would we? We would like to trap him right there and call the police, or have him go out again the way he came in. So what must we do? We must keep the door from the dining room to the hall locked. The burglar is caught. Good! The house is safe! Of course, there really isn't any burglar, but there *could* be. There are bound to be some unpleasant characters in almost any country.

All doors leading from the downstairs rooms into the hall were locked at night. I use the passive voice because Elsie, the Cambertons' housekeeper who stayed on with us, attended to the locking up for half an hour or so every night before she went to bed. It wasn't normally part of her duties unless she was alone in the house, but I certainly wasn't going to do it. My husband said he wouldn't do it. And the boys—well, what's the difference what they said. You can't depend on boys for things like that anyway. You can hardly get them to brush their teeth. So it was clearly up to Elsie who said she was glad to do it—they'd always done it that way.

Off the main hall, in addition to all the other doors, there was a door leading to a passageway that led to still another door through which there was a lavatory. The lavatory window had iron bars on it. But its door was locked, all the same, as well as the door to the passageway. Well, there could be a very thin burglar with a big file and a lot of patience, couldn't there? This was the one lock, out of fourteen, that really brought out a latent Anglophobia in me. Most of the time I'm an unrestrained Anglophile, but that one lock almost killed it, especially on returning home after an all-day automobile trip. That was a sensation compared to which finding a burglar in the house would have been tame.

It sometimes happened that while we were off on a trip, Elsie might leave the house for a few minutes to mail a letter or pick up a pound of butter at a little store a block away. We might then return while she was still out and find the house locked. When I say locked, I mean locked *up*, chained, bolted, barred, what I mean is, that house was *impenetrable*. We would finally extract the proper key from the huge bunch, burst in through the front door, tear down the hallway, and give vent to a whole lot of American slang on finding the door to that little passageway locked. On the whole, there was a certain Alice-in-Wonderland aspect to the situation—frustrating, confusing, and curious.

I haven't finished yet. Did you think I had? The kitchen and scullery doors—bolts and locks. The green baize door leading to the little hall off which the kitchen and scullery were found—locked.

Oh, there is no doubt whatever that that house was safe from burglars, intruders, marauders, robbers, breakers, and enterers. The only trouble was, that house was also safe from *us*.

One night while we were sitting upstairs thoroughly protected from looters and pillagers, watching English television, my husband said carelessly, "Gee, I'd love a glass of milk and some gingersnaps." (He always hints around like that when he's hungry.) "Okay," I said, not thinking, "I'll get them for you."

Elsie and the boys had already gone to bed, so I tiptoed downstairs quietly, and unlocked the green baize door. I tried to open the kitchen door, but it was locked. There was no light in the little hallway, but I groped around in the dark, and finally found the bolt and unbolted the kitchen door. I turned on a light in the kitchen and got the milk out of the refrigerator. Then I remembered that the glasses were in the dining room, so I went out through the little hall, opened the green baize door, went into the big hall, and tried to open the dining room door. It was locked. I unlocked it and went in, turned on the light, opened the sideboard and got a glass. Then I turned out the light, stepped out into the hall, locked the dining room door, and returned to the kitchen where I poured the milk into the glass. Then I remembered that the cookies were kept in the scullery, so I put down the glass of milk on the marble table in the kitchen, went out into the little dark hall and tried to get into the scullery. By this time I felt so much like a burglar that I was beginning to worry about not having my gloves on. I unlocked the scullery door, groped for the light switch, frightened the cat who was now sleeping there, safely locked up for the night, found the gingersnaps, put out the light, locked the door, returned to the kitchen, remembered then that the paper napkins were in the dining room and—no, no, I can't go through that again.

When I returned to my husband with the glass of milk and the gingersnaps, I noticed that his hair was greying at the temples and there were lines around his eyes. I had missed the rest of the television program, the one after it (English television, by the way, was remarkable in that it never achieved mediocrity—it was either superlatively good, far better than our best, or so incredibly bad that it fascinated us), and was well into the late news. A vase of flowers had wilted, several elections seemed to have taken place, the Olympic games had ended, and the moon was now well down behind the trees. Not a single burglar had broken in, and we were all safe and snug and cosy.

Young fashions: not-so-high finance

The secret ingredient here definitely isn't money; the clothes on these and the next two pages specialize in providing charm to burn —for a small investment in dollars. *This page:* A string-bean of a coat in fuchsia, over a slender fuchsia dress—uncollared, with elbow sleeves. By Junior Accent; the coat is ribbed wool jersey backed with lightweight Curon; dress of worsted jersey (Sag-No-Mor fabrics). About $70; Saks Fifth Avenue; Julius Garfinckel; Frederick & Nelson. The hat by Sally Victor. *Facing page, left:* A sling-around scarf (one of the timeliest assets a look can own) tops a jacket that's buttoned up over a long-stemmed jumper. In a blue-and-red wool plaid, on the slant in the biased skirt. By Modern Juniors; jacket about $23, jumper about $18. Mr. John Jr. hat; Meyers Make gloves. All at Bonwit Teller; jumper and jacket, also at Neiman-Marcus. *Facing page, right:* The new scarfed and longer jacket, getting the drop on a fanfare of pleats. By Dalemoor of Crestwood red-and-blue tartan plaid wool; about $50. At Altman's; Famous-Barr.

LEOMBRUNO-BODI





More about young-money clothes

Left: A pale, creamy slip of a dress under a long-haired cardigan. Both beige; by Sue Brett of Alamac Thalspun jersey of Orlon and wool; jacket; Alamac shaggy Orlon. Junior sizes; $25. Franklin Simon; Himelhoch's. The hat: Sally Victor.

This page, right: This year's neck-and-neck neutrals, teamed: charcoal dress sashed in beige suede. By Jonathan Logan of wool and Orlon; junior sizes, about $20. Hattie Carnegie jewellery. All at Lord & Taylor. Dress, also at Dayton's. The hat by Mr. John.

Facing page, left: Sweatery bone-beige dress—a perfect take-off point for the new brilliant coat-life. By California Girl of wool flannel; in junior sizes, about $30. The fake fur helmet by Mr. John Jr. Both at Peck & Peck; Joseph Magnin. Shoes by Newton Elkin.

Facing page, centre: Soft, loop-y cardigan, shrugged on over a jersey dress; both, honey-coloured. By Marjorie Montgomery of Sag-No-Mor worsted jersey, the cardigan a mohair-wool-and-rayon blend. About $50. MM handbag. Both: Peck & Peck. Dress at Makoff's. Shoes by Naturalizer.

Facing page, right: Blued-red in the news: side-tied jacket, and a dress with a wool bodice printed in more shades of blue-red. By Jane André (junior sizes) of Milliken worsted crêpe; about $55. Betmar hat. Both: Lord & Taylor. Dress: Joseph Magnin. Evins shoes.


L.FOMBRUNO-BOLDI

VOGUE PATTERNS



Winter wools—
drenched in printed flowers

What's printed on these pages—two darkly flowering wool dresses—both prints by Liberty of London whose success with this black outlined, lotus-flower kind of pattern on silk has now moved on to gauzy no-weight wools. Left: Overblouse and flaring skirt. The neckline may be high, or for later-day—scooped low in back. Vogue Pattern 5358 in grape and brown wool chiffon. Pear-shaped drop earrings by Christian Dior-New York. At Altman's. Right: Sheath, the neckline oval to take or leave jewels. Vogue Pattern 5353 in blue, green, and brown wool challis. Richlieu earrings; at Lord & Taylor. Kislav gloves, at Best & Co. Both hats by Emme. Other views, sizes, and yardages are on page 75.

VOGUE PATTERN 5358

HORST



VOGUE PATTERN 5353

"Everything boiled"

BY GEORGE BRADSHAW WITH RUTH NORMAN

My first lesson in the art of French cooking came about by accident. It was a long time ago and I did not write down the recipe because I had no idea then that I would ever get involved in cooking, but I have not forgotten it. The place was Algiers; the year, 1943.

I had lately been in Washington—oppressed by security, and lieutenant colonels, and standing up straight, and being on time, and saluting, and making five copies of every sort of nonsense, and saying yes sir, and—well, life in the Pentagon. Algiers was a revelation.

You could get up at a decent hour, read the papers at breakfast, wear comfortable clothes, salute nobody (except, I suppose, General Eisenhower, but he never came around my part of town), and in the main carry on like a rational human being.

Although I lived, for a while, in a dreary ancient hotel near the Aletti Hotel, through a piece of luck I found an apartment of my own. It was on the top floor of a house on the Michelet, and it was something pretty fine. It had a living room, a bedroom, a kitchen, and a bath; while expensive, it was worth every cent I paid, for in the living room there were, aside from the usual number of chairs and sofas and tables, six life-sized white marble statues of Venus in assorted poses. They weren't very *good* statues of Venus; they looked to have been done in the 1890's. But that's a detail; there they were: six life-sized statues of Venus. You don't find that in many living rooms. I settled down very comfortably.

The concierge of this apartment house I will have to call Madame X, for to tell the truth I do not remember her name. A Parisian who had lived in Algiers for some years, she was a formidable dame with a large front, black clothes, and a face that was weary and efficient. We did not become friends immediately.

She got me a man to make my bed and clean the apartment. A man: Yameni Mohammed looked about fourteen but was actually seventeen, a bone-thin ugly little Arab boy, who spent half his time out on my balcony looking down at the traffic.

He was a trial, at first. When not on the balcony, he was constantly chattering, constantly under foot, and he spoke a French that was not my French. This made him impatient with me, of course; when I would not understand, he shouted, then pointed, and finally hit his head with his two fists at my stupidity.

I tried. I became aware that one word recurred constantly in his conversation. It sounded something like Zhan-jay Ro-jay. He wanted to know, it occurred to me, if, in America, I was acquainted with Zhan-jay Ro-jay. I could only shrug.

But then one day, his worn sandals flapping on the tile floor, his dirty white burnous swinging awkwardly, he danced a kind of Arab jig. And he screamed "*Zhan-jay Ro-jay, Zhan-jay Ro-jay.*"

Lightning struck. Ginger Rogers. Did I know Ginger Rogers?

I was about to say no when I remembered that before the war I had once been at a party in California where Ginger Rogers was, and that I had actually shaken hands with her. "Yes," I said. "Yes, indeed." I knew Zhan-jay Ro-jay.

It was the turning point in our relationship. I became the respected American. Yameni Mohammed suddenly understood my French and I his. I invented a long series of glamourous meetings I had had with Miss Rogers not only in Hollywood *(Continued on page 176)*

Turncoat bedroom

Opposite, one bedroom's two faces. Same bone structure, different make-up for winter (above) and summer (below). Like wind and luck and a woman's mind, this room's changeability comes built-in, takes only one energetic morning to accomplish. The point is pre-planning, incorporating in the first room the elements of the second room. (The pre-planners in this case, Paul Krauss and Vogue, designed the room for Avisco, whose rayon fibres are used in all the fabrics; the room will be exhibited this month in New York at "Decoration and Design 1962," a show for the benefit of the Herald Tribune Fresh Air Fund.) Dressed for the winter, the room is a sheltered cove, a deep green inlet of warmth and privacy. Against the dark brocade walls, bone-white woodwork snaps in relief. Green draperies hang straight and full on white wooden rings, draw over sheer white glass curtains. Spread with the same brocade as the walls, the dark bulk of the wrought-iron bed seems to float on the white shag rug. Also on the rug: hold-everything step tables of lacquered wood, and, on them white Italian faïence lamps with white paper shades. Near one window there's an invitation to breakfast or a game of chess, in the form of a round table skirted sharp green and flanked by copies of eighteenth-century English bamboo armchairs cushioned with black leather. A third bamboo chair pulls up across the room to a long French Provincial writing table by an easy chair. The switch to the summer look (below) starts with the wall panels, covered on one side with the brocade, on the other with a white-striped beige. The holding pegs are pulled out, the panels reversed—by sleight of hand, a cool, pale wall. Down come the green draperies and the glass curtains, and up go Roman shades, the same stripe as the wall fabric, surprinted with black and white daisies, which sits in over the summer, too, for the green bedspread and easy-chair cover. The white rug goes off to the cleaners, leaving a shining expanse of dark parquet, interrupted only by small fringed beige and white rugs for bed disembarking. One final summer replacement: for the unreal flowers in the year-round basket, the substitution of a skinny green tree. (Furniture and fabric details, page 182.)

VOGUE'S FASHIONS *in* LIVING



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*SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST

New keys to the house



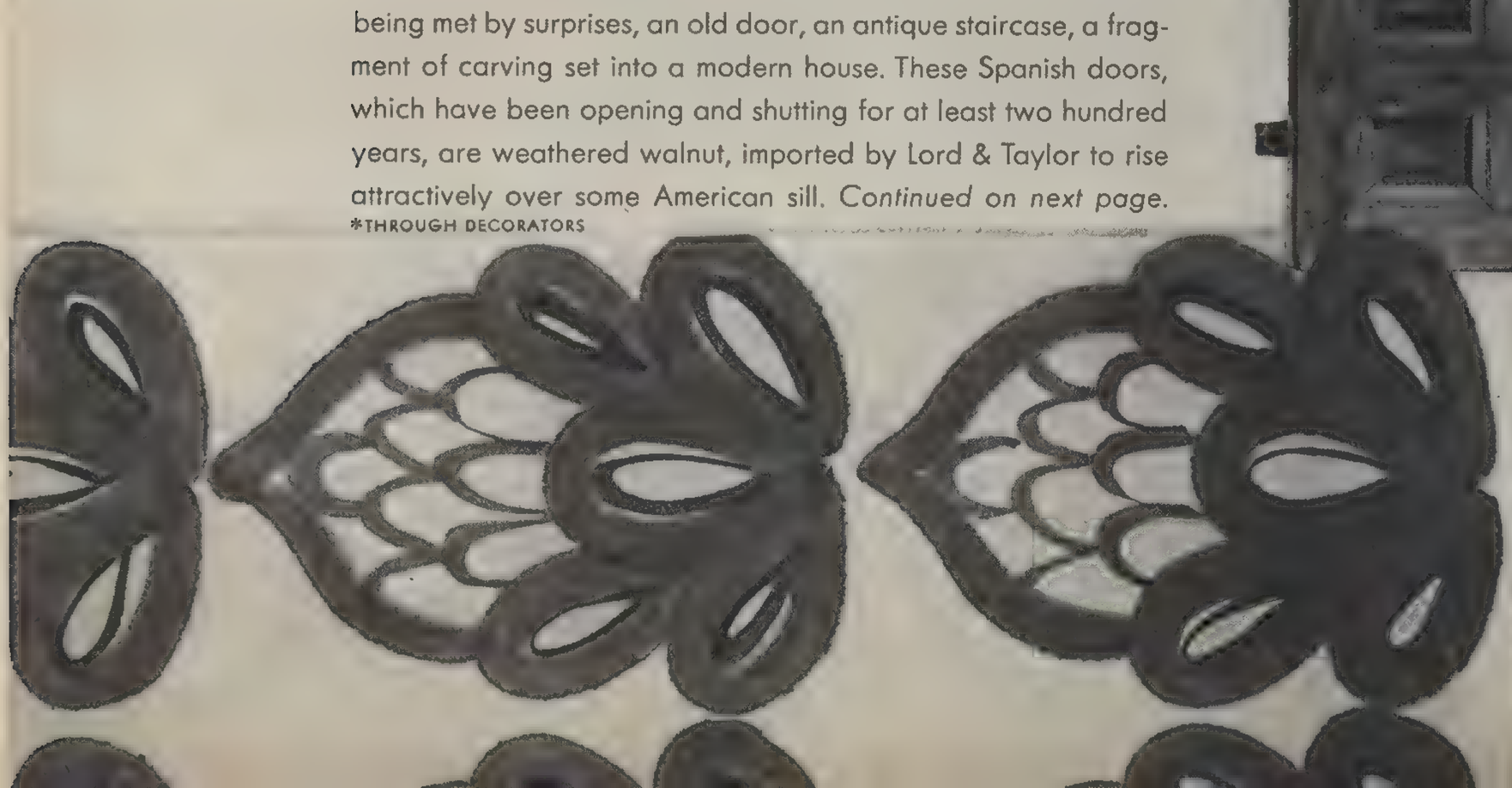
New leather sling chair,
at home with the past.

On this page, sharp evidence of three turns the autumn decorating winds are taking. One of them, the turn-of-the-century look—no relative of the old Turkish cosy corner—depends for its success on an immaculate blend of wit and precision, a calculated clutter without confusion. The decorative example shown below is a translucent rice paper, name of "Lotus," washily inked in intense blues and mauves, to go on a wall, a door, a screen, or, covering a viewless window, to put charm where there was none before; at Karl Mann.*...Another new look: the kind of 1961 design that falls right into place in a room that might otherwise be filled with things made circa 1861 or 1661. To wit, the sling chair here, a black calfskin cushion cradled by a natural cowhide sling, polished chrome steel legs, black aluminum arms; by Knoll Associates.*...Third look is interior architecture, a need being met by surprises, an old door, an antique staircase, a fragment of carving set into a modern house. These Spanish doors, which have been opening and shutting for at least two hundred years, are weathered walnut, imported by Lord & Taylor to rise attractively over some American sill. *Continued on next page.*

*THROUGH DECORATORS



Old Spanish doors,
architectural closers.



Nouveaux artichokes,
here on rice paper.

DAVID ATTIE



Old French staircase,
high in the news.

Connecting two floors where connection is desirable but doesn't come built-in is a job well done by The Circular Staircase, as much of an audience-gripper as Mary Roberts Rinehart's 1908 mystery of that name. The aged staircase, left, dark oak and black iron, was brought here by Lord & Taylor from France, where such spirals were often used in the nineteenth century as passage between a shop below and its owner's living room above. The spiral gives a room a magnificent architectural detail and certain small users as much fun as a trip down the firehouse pole....The stainless steel lounge chair and ovoid ottoman below, more evidence of the good contemporary that will live in peaceful co-existence even with Louis Quinze, comes from France covered in orange stretch wool that fits like a bathing suit and snaps off swimmingly for dry cleaning; George Tanier.*...For the One Important Piece that an important room merits, there is a move toward the products of the fine Spanish hand, two of which made long ago the smoky pine cupboard, above right, seven feet high but only eighteen inches deep, the better to conserve space. Its date is circa 1750 and circa 1680 are the polychrome lady *torchères* behind it. All at Lord & Taylor.

*THROUGH DECORATORS



New French seating,
covered in stretch wool.

New keys to the house *continued*

DAVID ATTIE





The black daisies above on white-striped beige canvas. The Tilletts. Above right, "Straw," made of viscose dashed with cotton. This, from Denning & Fourcade.*

The Polynesian design, right, "Mango Flowers," midnight blues on cotton. Greeff Fabrics.* Below, "Montecatine," a green blotch print on cotton sheeting. Scalamandré.*



In fabrics, there's a swing in decorating land toward the Cotton Belt, and cottons are perhaps more elegant in texture and pattern than since their generic name mysteriously emerged from the Arabic "qutun." On this page, the rug and all the cloths have cotton and cotton's practicality in common as an ingredient. Heavyweights, like the daisied canvas above, are going into Roman shades, onto walls, bed, sofas. The brilliantly printed new texture, "Straw," has much of the feel of its namesake but unlike real straw will bend to any decorative situ ation. To curtain a dark-walled room, the woodgrain pattern, right, comes on cotton so soft it could be pulled through a wedding ring. On the wool and cotton needlework rug, hand-worked in England, sits a new Charles Eames design, fifteen-inch-high seating—in its sophisticated walnut turning, rather latter-day treen. *Continued next page.*

*THROUGH DECORATORS

Black and white woodgrain on cotton. Brunschwig & Fils.*
Lathed oiled walnut seating or pedestal. Herman Miller.
The hand-embroidered needlepoint carpet. Arthur H. Lee.

New keys to the house *continued*

Among the charms of the turn-of-the-century look are the inventive ways of arriving at it. Carefully pasted on the outside of the far-from-bare Dutch cupboard, left, is old English book-lining, muted red and pink. The appliqé could have been wallpaper or engravings from a mellow book. This illustrated, Roslyn Rosier.* ...The boldness of two more products of those fine Spanish hands, the table and crest below, would serve up a jolt of energy to a bored room. The table, a scaled-down version of a seventeenth-century refectory table, comes from a collection of such reproductions that range in height from low bench to dining. A whole room plan could ride on the 1670 crest, below, a maze of polychrome carving that once hung over a Spanish fireplace; now at Lord & Taylor....To warm a floor or complement turn-of-this-or-any-century looks—the fur below: the wildcat from Leigh Hammond; the bear from a New York company, named, quite directly, Fauve.* *THROUGH DECORATORS



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New Spanish tables, precise copies of the curvy wood turnings and iron stretchers of the seventeenth century.



Old polychrome crest from a Spanish house.





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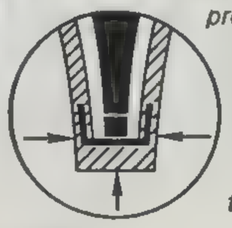
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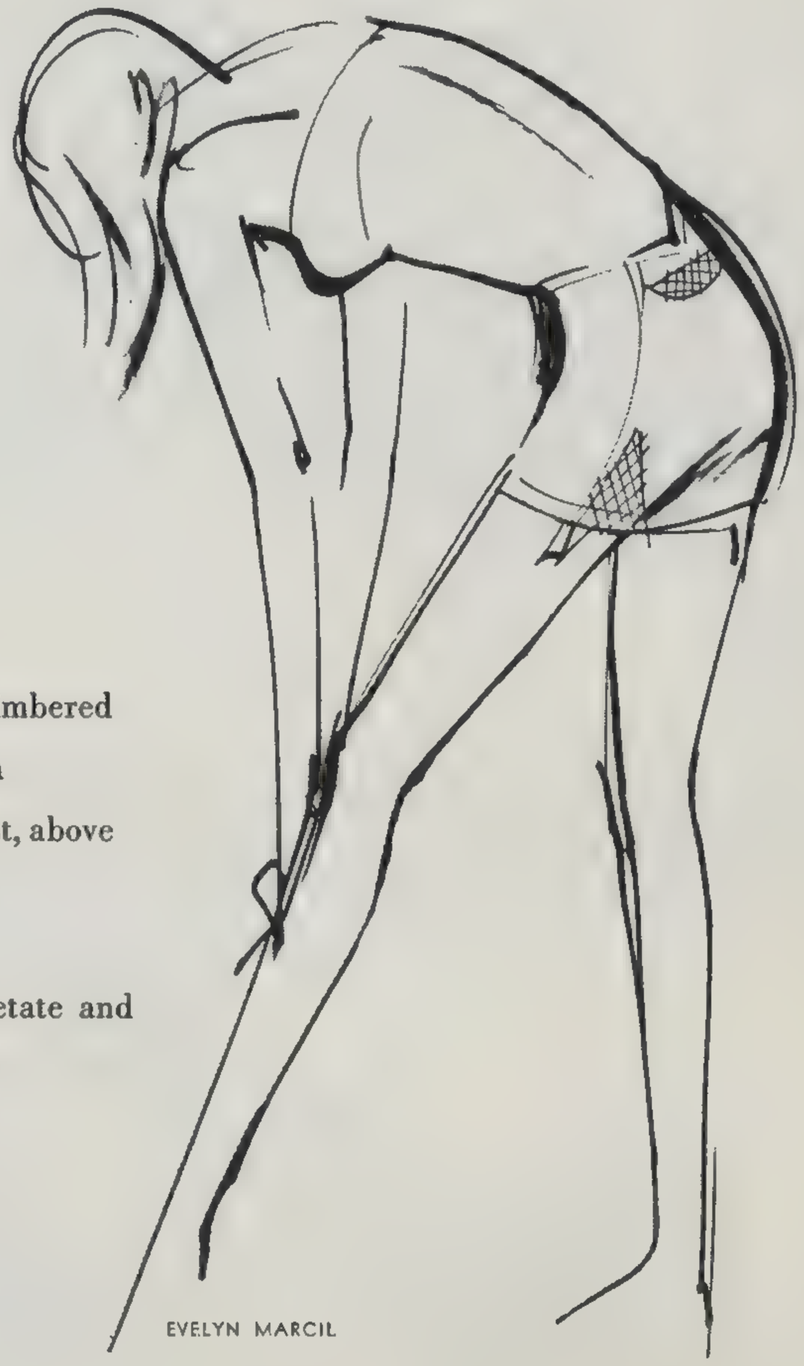
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Slimming— long and short

Two girdles—two different slimming plans.
Left: Good hip control is the plot line of this white long-legged pantie girdle of nylon power net with elasticized satin panels. The waistband is wide for wearing under belted clothes. Garters are on the inside for a smooth line under soft fabrics. By Perma-Lift of Du Pont nylon. About $13. At Bloomingdale's.



Right: Light girdle, limbered with elasticized mesh inserts below the waist, above the garters in back. By Nemo of white elasticized nylon, acetate and rayon power net. $9. At Bloomingdale's.

EVELYN MARCIL

THE MOST REMARKABLE WALK IN LONDON

(Continued from page 145)

most go-ahead family in Kensington. Or it may house some excellent ghost. London is a very mysterious place; one never knows. And when you try to guess, realities make a fool of you.

Victoria Road, with almond blossoms blushing over plaster walls as pure in colour as the best peppermint creams, is like a very nice Englishwoman who has become chic. Most of the houses here are in private hands, though a few are broken discreetly into flats. A block of new apartments has settled down tactfully among its neighbours. Many houses have back gardens; Kensington is fairly well-off for these. Some houses have Regency ironwork, some have diamond-panes. A few approach narrowly to what was once regrettably described as "twee"—there is one with a yellow door, called "Queen Anne's Thimble," which might emit Winnie the Pooh if one waited long enough. The long sky-blue house with white trimmings, and a general air of milk-bottle freshness, is Lady Eden's Nursery School. Professional people, successful, with high incomes, live in Victoria Road. Sir Hugh Casson, the architect, is at No. 35; Mark Bonham Carter, Lady Violet's publisher son, at No. 42.

Just behind, is a small area of shops with that unmistakable "village" touch. Apart from the Italian restaurant, the colour-merchant, and the wine shop, it doesn't seem particularly relevant to the immediate public: yet nearly all smart little neighbourhoods of this kind appear to have their "village street" attached. I think the idea of it is more prized than the actuality. The local people *don't* tend to gather there, get to know one another, exchange the gossip of the day—but they rather like to think they could do this, if they were so minded. Well-to-do London isn't neighbourly, never has been—ah! but its intentions, at least, are flexible. Some day it might want to change. So it keeps open the lines of communication.

Victoria Road, and its immediate ambience, is charming. It is quiet, but it isn't smug; and it isn't at all ostentatious. Sometimes a painter emerges from the back of a landrover, sets up his easel and has a go at it.

The road loses its glory somewhat as it trails into Kensington Gore. Here is a return of Cromwell Road architecture, of Winter Palace green; and here, I expect, is a sharp drop in the rentals. Kensington Gardens is visible now, a soft, woolly jade in the pale sunlight. The scarlet buses tear along into High Street where the great, all-price shops are, Derry and Toms, Barkers, Pontings. It is wide, noisy, not pretty. I don't like it.

You, however, walk along westwards till you see, across the street, Campden Hill Road; and up you go, on rising ground now, towards the Observatory. Now this road isn't chic, despite some nice bright paint on front doors; and there isn't much to see except the splendaceous new Public Library (1959) and the neo-Georgian brick of Queen Elizabeth College, which is one of the women's sections of London University. But the people who live here are still well-to-do, and they bloom in the aura of a literary past. In this part of London Violet Hunt lived, and her circle; a little way off, leonine painters like Sir Frederic Leighton, thickly massed romance and myth over great and now virtually unsaleable canvases. From the 1880's to the 1920's artistic persons walked in greens and mauves, aestheticism bloomed, not in Mao Tse-tung's thousand flowers, but in a few selected varieties of lily. In the Kensington twilight songs were sung, poems enunciated. In the purlieus of Campden Hill Road, poets and writers remain, but not poor poets, not poor writers. The late Charles Morgan lived nearby, his quarter-deck profile sharp on sunset, as he attempted to reconcile passion and the Absolute.

But here is the top of the hill; the Observatory is behind; you go down past a bright little pub, a garage, an antique shop, past a house strawberry-painted in a row of drabness, past the dismal backs of grey flats, shops getting dingier and dingier, to the seedy-flashy glitter of Notting Hill Gate.

The Joneses are behind you. You have no need to keep up with them, not much more.

Notting Hill Gate is a main traffic thoroughfare, linking Hol-

(Continued on page 171)

PRECIOUS MOMENT . . . warmly captured in the lasting glow of a STIFFEL lamp combined with a table. Illustrated: Fine old brass accents on black and fruitwood, 55½ inches in height, tray diameter 15½ inches. Three-way standard socket with 8-inch reflector bowl. $80.00* Available at fine stores throughout the country. For descriptive literature address The Stiffel Company, Chicago 10, Illinois.

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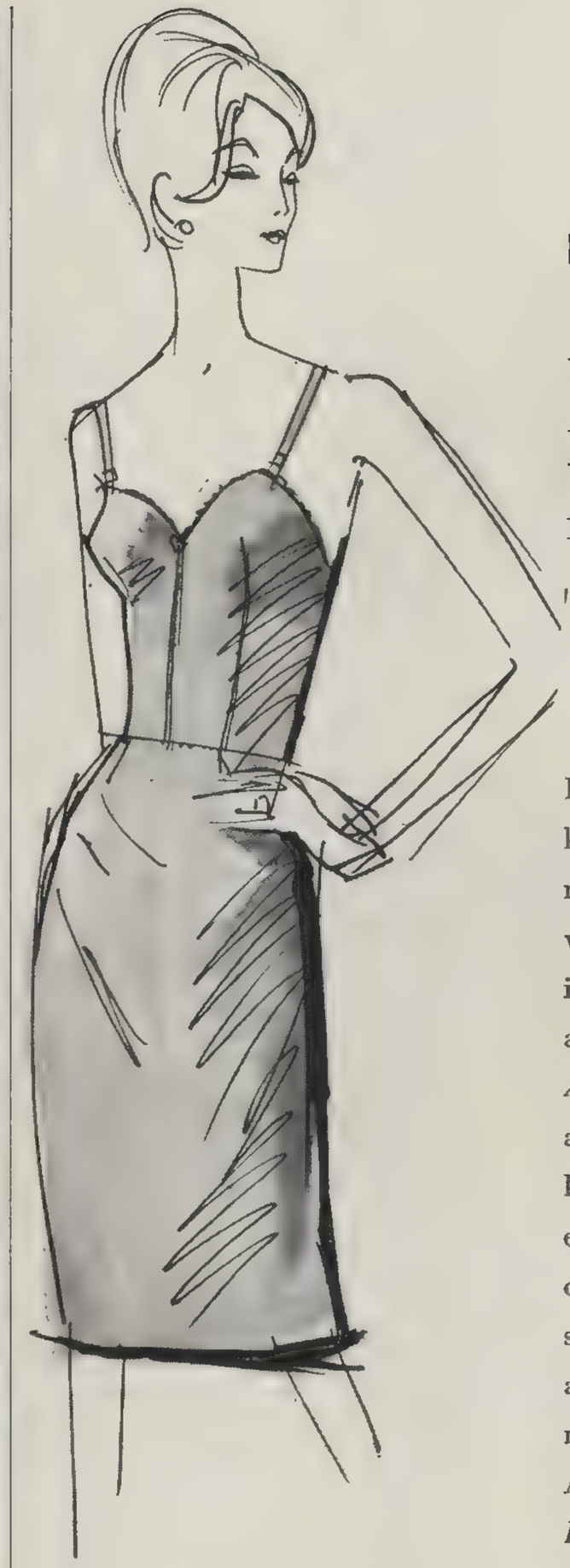
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The news behind the knitted-clothes news



Right up there, riding the knitted-clothes bandwagon: new shape-makers and slips with a high degree of invisibility (they fit about as smoothly as skin).

Above, left: The slip that's also a brassière; its sleek lines won't cause a ripple, even under the clingiest clothes. By Pauline Gordon, in sand-beige taffeta of Dacron and nylon; bodice and back, made with Lycra. About $11. At Altman's; Hudson's.

Right: Light, lithe girdle with a wonderful knitted texture—it clings like a stocking. The front section firms by a panel-on-panel build-up. By Silf Skin of white rayon elastic and Vyrene; about $8. Saks 34th.

EVELYN MARCIL



Left: Contoured white brassière, unfrilled except for a fine edging of lace; it shapes the natural, unabrupt curves that knitted clothes demand. Mostly sheer marquisette; small sizes only. By Perma-Lift of Du Pont nylon; $5. At Bloomingdale's.

THE MOST REMARKABLE WALK IN LONDON

(Continued from page 169)

land Park on the west with Bayswater Road on the east. It is part-proletarian, part-arty. It has a good repertory cinema, a stupefying Smith's Bookshop which, for size and shine, doesn't compare badly with the *Daily Express* building in Fleet Street, and a palatial new underground station. It is, in fact, going up in the world.

Yet the district of Notting Hill itself bears an ominous name. Teen-age gangs, race riots, Fascist meetings at street-corners, all these are—or were—to be found at Notting Hill, if anywhere. Turn left out of Campden Hill Road, cross over, continue left to Ladbroke Grove. That is the next stage of your walk.

Ladbroke Grove is a very long street, wide, built originally, as Cromwell Road was, for the comfort of the upper-middle and middle-middle classes, who could get skivvies for twenty pounds a year to haul coals up to the top floors. Your first impression will be that butter couldn't melt in its mouth, and indeed, for the first half-mile, you will be dead right. London is loved not only by immigrants from all over the world, but by Londoners themselves, who would rather choke than live anywhere else.

So all the time there is this struggle; to extend the system of middle-class flats as far as possible, while extending, or rather patching, the number of roofs under which it is possible for human beings to exist. In this first section of the Grove, life is as trim and orderly as in West Kensington: excellent apartments with central heating, comely houses properly divided into flats, a few great mansions even (for there were giants in those days, only one is never sure what days they were) carved up into decent family units. There are trees. There is width, light, air.

Ever since you left Campden Hill Road, you have noticed (as you did in Earls Court Road) the fairly high proportion of coloured people to the total population. I mean, it seems high, since there is a concentration here; in fact, the number per head over the whole of England is trivial. Now, half a mile or so down Ladbroke Grove, you are noticing that people aren't so well dressed. They are not shabby yet; but clothes are worn rather carelessly, as if the light for dressing were poor and space indoors were crowded.

I know that ever since I started downhill from the Observatory, I have been changing note as a car changes gear. But to write with lightness about the slums and doldrums that begin around Ladbroke Crescent would be insensitive beyond the bounds of decency. Things aren't decent here, despite the frantic struggles of the local housing authority. Take St. Mark's Road, which will be your last stop. This, again, is broad and tree-lined: cosy families lived here once, and not so long ago either. But the houses are too big for private occupation and nearly all have suffered some sort of bomb damage: so they have become rooming houses for the poor white and the poor black, both parties overcrowded and comfortless, tempers on both sides exacerbated by their housing problems and ripe to be fanned into rage by the racist agitators who have a particularly soft option in this section of London. The race riots of 1958 were fought out very largely between Irish immigrant labourers and West Indians all contending for living *space*.

In the front gardens, rubbish is piled high. The bins are put out for collection, and if the bins topple over, nobody stuffs the muck back again. Beyond the bright front doors—there is plenty of new paint available—is hopeless, clammy squalor. (Oh, not in every house: some heroic women will fight for order and cleanliness against the most hopeless odds, but they have to be damned heroic here.) On the front steps in the warm afternoons, Negro families cluster for sociability and air. On the top step, behold a battered pram with a far from Beatnik baby—for London Beatniks are almost invariably middle-class. On the steps below, mothers, grandmothers, the pre-school children. A bright dark face in an emerald head-scarf, scarlet bows on infant pigtails, an ancient, ebony head rested against the crumbling stonework. In a cul-de-sac nearby is the house where John Reginald Christie, the necrophile murderer, gassed, strangled, violated, disposed of, the bodies of half a

(Continued on page 173)



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THE MOST REMARKABLE WALK IN LONDON

(Continued from page 171)

dozen women. It was Rillington Place once, but the name has been changed. Here are mean, grimy, overcrowded terrace houses, dominated by a chimney stack like the obelisk on the grave. All it wants on top of it is a sky-pointing hand in marble.

The women in these streets are very poorly dressed. The general standard of dressing over the whole population has risen prodigiously since the war; but not here. Between the modish-shabby of Earls Court and the real-shabby of this place, there is a huge, derisive difference. All this misery will, of course, be sorted out in time. Good people are trying. But Time may mean a girl's youth or an old woman's death. This kind of poverty is only a small blot on the Welfare State—and because the blot is small, few people feel a sense of urgency about it. Only those who suffer it.

Having taken a look at the worst London can do, you may now turn sharp left at the end of St. Mark's Road and proceed uphill again, up Ladbroke Grove, with a wide, bright, dazzling skyline before you and a faint impression of a heavenly choir somewhere in the background welcoming the long-sufferer home again. Back in Notting Hill Gate, you may be able to get a taxi.

BY RAIL AND BOAT

(Continued from page 144)

they did, there was no knowing what might not happen. On the Channel crossing she needed fresh air, and would sit in a chair on deck, while he would usually lie down and stretch at full length on a sofa in one of the public rooms downstairs. One hot September day, for example, we were on the way to Paris and Florence, and were going to spend the first night at Boulogne (where, incidentally, when we reached our hotel, we discovered that our luggage had been registered through to Paris), and my mother and father had decided to recline side by side in deck chairs placed just near enough to the main gangway to cause passengers to stumble over their feet and drop the bags they were holding.

It was one of those sporadically extra fine days which sometimes descend on the Channel after weeks of rainstorms and roaring and moaning gales. There were the customary broadcast appeals to Mr. Spiridion Gentleflower and Mr. MacKickle to report *immediately* to the purser's office—where, one felt, they would hear no good of themselves. . . . On the other side of my mother sat a middle-aged couple. They told her all their history, that their name was Leonard and that they were on their way to visit the grave of their only son, who had died of wounds in the first effort to make the world safe for democracy. My mother felt an instant pity for them; especially when she learned that Mr. Leonard had a bad heart, and had shown signs of an attack the previous evening. His wife said she only hoped he would be able to complete their tragic expedition. They were to be met at Boulogne and motor straight to the cemetery—about an hour's run. My mother thought that Mr. Leonard looked very ill. Emotional and generous by nature, she longed to help. . . . Suddenly she remembered that her doctor had given her a medicine for the heart, which had proved wonderful in her case. She explained this to Mrs. Leonard, and they resolved to give the invalid a dose of it at once. My mother sent me to find her maid, and when I had traced her, dispatched her to open a dressing bag and fetch the medicine bottle and a measured glass. The right amount was poured out and administered to the surprisingly acquiescent invalid. . . . The effect had been instantaneous: he became purple in the face, and seemed to swell all over. A doctor had to be found, and the poor man had to be carried downstairs. The explanation was, of course, that his heart normally beat too fast, my mother's, too slow. . . . As a result, my mother was terribly worried and angry with the world in general. . . . When we arrived we had the satisfaction to hear that Mr. Leonard was better, and to see him drive off. . . .

My father, who had sat there and said nothing to stop what was happening, now spoke:

"Typical of your mother. . . . You'd think that the poor man had suffered enough without being given a heart attack!"



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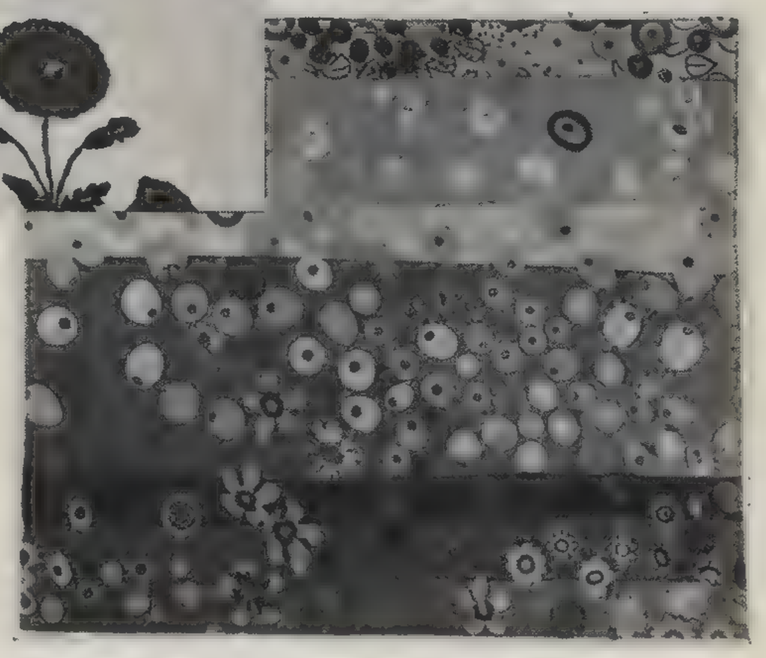


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Poppies on fibre glass





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Damask from England



Rug from Portugal



Desk from Spain

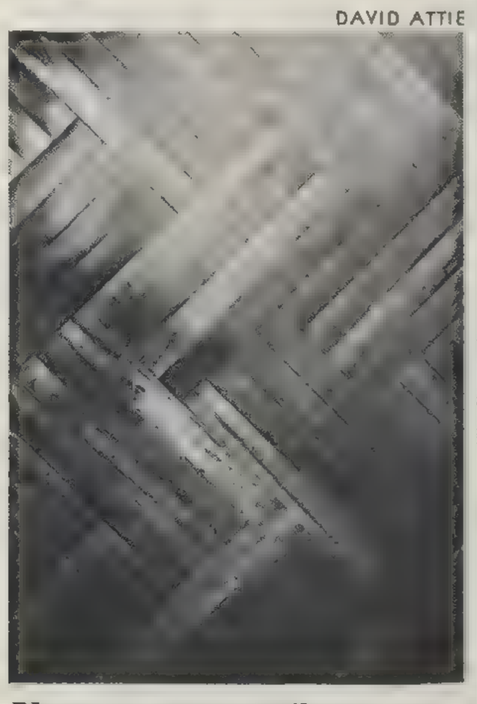
Spanish drop-front desk-on-stand: its walnut aged, its design inlaid; Lord & Taylor. White sheepskin-covered chair, on stainless steel turning base, comes also in black sheep; Dux.* More for the floor: the carpet, wool and hand-embroidered, dark brown with pale flowers, made in Portugal. . . . The parquet: Amtico vinyl, a snap to clean. Both to order from Stark Carpet.* The spacemaker table, topped with clear plate glass: a wide open cube of old rosewood; David Wider.*

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Sheepish chair with a pivot.

DAVID ATTIE



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Open end table

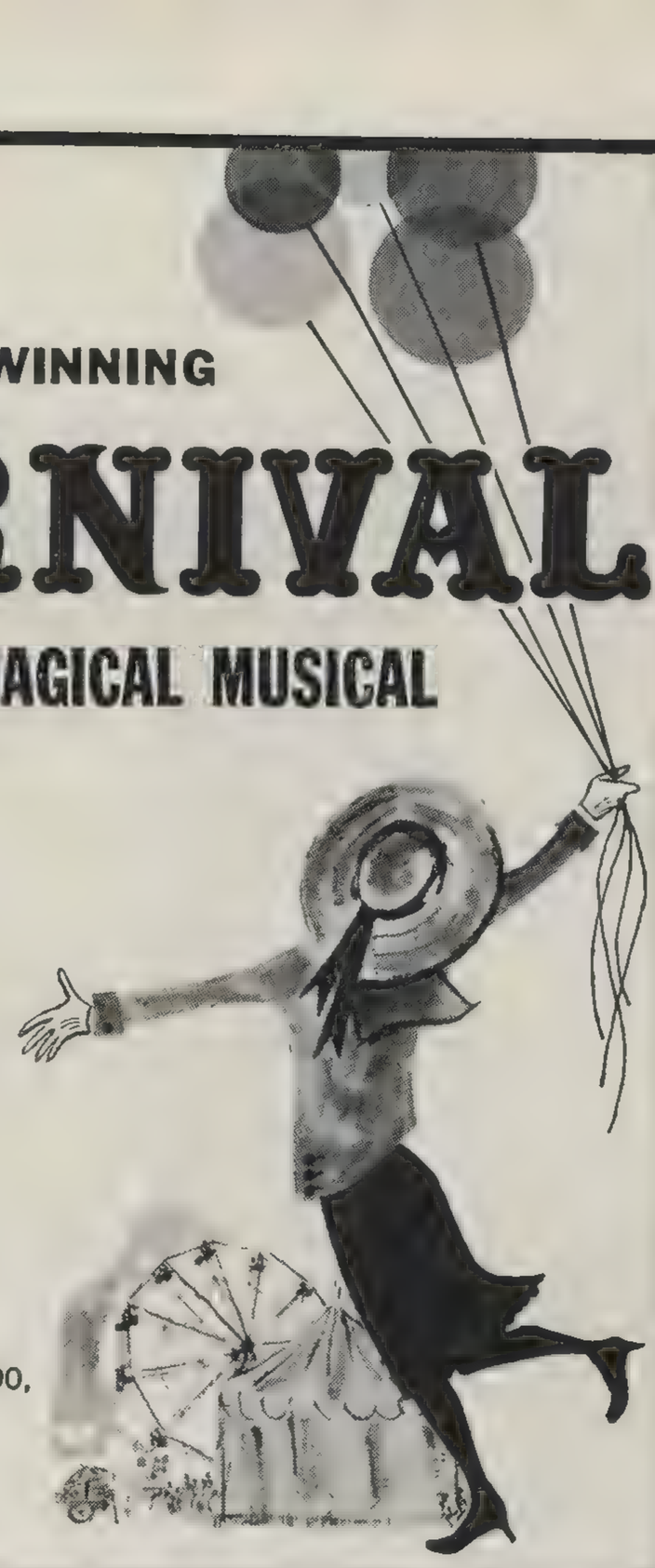
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"EVERYTHING BOILED"

(Continued from page 160)

but in New York as well. Exhausting work, for I had nothing to go on. Once, to vary things, I said I knew Rita Hayworth, but Yameni was not interested. No. To this poor, strange, starved Arab boy there was but one dream of beauty, one loveliness unexcelled, one light in the world: Ginger Rogers.

Miss Rogers has given me a great deal of pleasure through the years, but never more than in that icy winter of 1943.

The friendship of Madame X was a little harder to come by. Being French, she understood that the abstract ideal had its place, but something more practical was needed to move her. Especially in that weather.

I got my hands on a Mason jar full of anchovies, I don't know how. I intended to eat them myself, naturally, but they were so salty I could not get even one down. I soaked them in cold water for a couple of days, but it did no good, the black salt taste remained. I gave them to Madame.

A couple of nights later as I was coming in, she stopped me and thanked me.

"Were they good?" I asked.

"Delicious." For the first time she smiled.

This gave me an idea. My apartment was so cold that you could not take your overcoat off except to go to bed. But it had a fireplace. Was there any way she could find me some wood?

Actually there was. Madame was a friend of the mayor of Algiers, and it might be possible that, for a price, something could be arranged.

When I came home the next night the wood had arrived—cork logs and neat little bundles of kindling. Madame was in my apartment, instructing Yameni in the art of building a fire.

Cork logs are hard to start, but finally they caught, and we stood around, the three of us, admiring the blaze. I took off my overcoat for the first time in days.

It was an occasion. I had some bottles of white Algerian wine, I opened one, and we drank. At least Madame and I drank. Yameni would not, so I gave him my most cherished possession—a Mr. Goodbar. This was a concoction of peanuts and chocolate rationed by the PX as if it were fresh caviar. I firmly believed it to be the best thing I had ever put in my mouth. I remember vowing in those days that if I ever got home I would never be without a Mr. Goodbar, and in fact the first day I arrived in America I bought a box of forty-eight. Well . . . .

The wine was good. In that strange, cleaned-out city of Algiers, there was nothing to buy in the stores—nothing—except wine and flowers. But the wine was excellent. It was made by monks somewhere back in the hills—I forget the name of the order, but it is the same one that makes the excellent Oka cheese and grows the famous Oka melons in Canada. They made a fine brandy too, aged eight months, and once at Christmas I gave a party at which we made Old Fashioneds of it, each trimmed with a cherry Life Saver and a slice of tangerine. Quite good.

So we celebrated. The blackout curtains kept out the black night, and the fire cast a surprising tint on the marble flesh of the six naked Venuses. We talked politely, I am sure: a foreign language tends to block out anything that is not polite and good.

But suddenly the sirens sounded and we had an air raid.

In a minute the guns began and we crowded out on the balcony to watch. With General Eisenhower up at the St. George Hotel, the city was, of course, crawling with antiaircraft pieces. They sprang into action from every roof top; there seemed to be, literally, hundreds of them. Let us hope that no one will ever again be able to witness such a display: hundreds of thousands of tracer bullets cutting the black sky make a breathtaking sight.

No planes got through that night. There were a few bombs dropped, but Yameni's experienced ear said they had gone into the ocean. Suddenly there was silence, then an all clear, and we went back to the fire.

Madame said something to Yameni in Arabic, he answered, they talked for a moment and then she turned to me to explain.

It would be possible, she said, for Yameni to obtain a good amount of fish—since the bombs had dropped in the sea—and if I liked, she would make bouillabaisse for dinner tomorrow night.

I was not as enthusiastic as I should have been. "You mean you'll make it out of dead fish?"

"Not dead, no. The fish are stunned by the detonation of the bombs, and it is easy to pick them from the surface of the water."

I must still have looked skeptical, for Madame spread her arms and said, "What does it matter how a fish dies, so long as it is fresh?"

That made perfect sense, so I said yes, wonderful, let's have bouillabaisse.

A few small arrangements had to be made, naturally. If Yameni were to be out at the first light of day to pick up the fish he would need a boat, but luckily some vague relative of his owned a boat which could be hired for a very few francs, and Madame, for only a very few francs more, could perhaps obtain a salad and perhaps an onion and. . . .

It wasn't much.

I was home early the next night, seven o'clock, for I did not go to my mess. The apartment was warm, there was a fire not only in the living room but the kitchen as well. The stunned fish, now definitely dead, were cleaned and laid out prettily on a table. And there were onions and tomatoes and eggs and something that looked like coffee but unhappily turned out not to be—well, a feast.

I put on some dry clothes (it was raining, of course) and went back to the kitchen to watch. Madame had brought up a big black pot with a lid from her kitchen, she had knives and other tools and some professional-looking bowls. I wandered around with a glass of wine in my hand and felt high-toned and useless. Yameni had washed his burnous, I noticed. It was a party.

Madame began. She cut the larger fish in pieces, the smaller she left whole. She cut a couple of onions in four, did the same to three or four little tomatoes. She cut four thin slices from a lemon, another four from an orange. All of this went into the pot. She added olive oil, quite a lot. She uncorked a bottle of white wine, poured the whole thing into the pot. Then she added enough water to cover everything. Salt and pepper, of course, and some other stuff which I didn't know about then

but do now—but the above are the essentials.

Then she put the pot on the hottest part of the stove, and said, "In twenty minutes we eat."

In twenty minutes we ate.

First I ate plenty, then I ate too much, then I stuffed myself. The *Luftwaffe* had done us well, there was enough, more than enough, for everybody. We had a long loaf of coarse bread to sop up the juice, we had salad to give us a feeling of respite, we had more of the wine, we had a fire. A memorable dinner.

And it was a dinner. We had a dessert. Madame had found some eggs. She beat them a little, poured them into a skillet, turned out an omelette. When it was on its plate, she sprinkled sugar on it, then warmed a little cup of brandy, poured that over and lighted it. What a dessert. You never had anything better, anywhere.

The coffee, no. But you can't have everything.

I remember, from that evening, only one piece of conversation. It is pat to my purpose, but it is fact, not fiction, and fact is always more pat than fiction.

"Who would ever have thought," I said, "that a boiled fish could taste like this."

Madame looked at me over her napkin, over her front, through her old, weary, knowing eyes. "To boil is the best way," she said. "Everything. When you boil you do not lose one particle of goodness. If only I had a piece of beef. . . ."

Last fall *The New York Times* asked a half dozen of the most famous chefs in the city what they ate on their days off. To a man they gave one answer: boiled beef.

Learn a lesson from this: these masters of the high cuisine, these men who command an endless supply of cream and truffles and pheasants, eat, when they get a night off, boiled beef.

So, remembering what Madame X had said, I began to collect recipes for all kinds of boiled foods: chicken, beef, veal, fish. While maybe she exaggerated in saying that boiling was the best way to cook, it is certainly one of the better ways. And a change.

So:

BOILED BEEF

Buy a four- or five-pound piece of brisket of beef. Get more than you'll need, in other words. It's very good cold.

Put the meat in a heavy pot that has a lid that fits tight. Surround it with a couple of stalks of celery with the leaves left on, an onion stuck with four or five cloves, a teaspoon of powdered thyme, a handful of chopped parsley (three tablespoons), and, of course, salt and pepper.

Now cover with water and bring to a fast boil. Reduce the heat to simmer, and skim off the scum that will have formed.

Clap on the tight lid and let the beef cook for 2½ hours. Test it with a fork. The chances are it will not be done, but at the end of 3 hours it should be.

Here are the classic vegetables for a boiled beef: cabbage, potatoes, leeks, onions, carrots, white and yellow turnips, parsnips. You will want to use the potatoes and two or three of the others. Now if you are a great expert and know from the looks of them exactly how long each vegetable will take to be done when the beef is, you can simply add them to the pot. But the chances are you don't know, so the best way is to cook each of your vegetables separately in some extra beef broth. You want them done but not overdone.

To serve this, you need large soup plates. Put a slice of beef in each plate, surround it with the vegetables, and then pour some of the broth, strained, over all.

Then eat in good health with horse-radish sauce.

HORSE-RADISH SAUCE

Whip a half-pint of heavy cream, then fold in a teaspoon of fresh, grated apple and a tablespoon of fresh, grated horseradish. If you can't get fresh horseradish, the bottled kind serves, but drain it well.

For the New England variation of this, proceed exactly as above, with this addition: cut a half-pound of lean salt pork into cubes and boil it with the beef from the beginning.

For a *pot au feu*, you proceed also as above, except that an hour and a half before the beef

(Continued on page 178)



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"EVERYTHING BOILED"

(Continued from page 177)

is done, you add a chicken. A three- or three-and-a-half-pounder will do, cut in half to fit more easily into your pot. Serve everyone a slice of chicken and a slice of beef.

The Italians make a dish called *bollito misto*—boiled mixed meats. I have "adapted" it, shall we say, because a real *bollito* calls for a calf's head, and I somehow don't see you split-level lovers of good food rushing to the local supermarket demanding calves' heads.

BOLLITO MISTO

In a large kettle put a piece of beef brisket—four pounds. More than cover it with water. Forget the vegetables and the seasonings, except the salt and pepper.

An hour and a half before the beef will be done, add a chicken cut in two. An hour before, add a couple of veal knuckles or calves' feet or both, also a good-sized piece of pork sausage (in its casing, of course).

When the meats are done, pile them on a big hot platter. No broth this time. Give everybody a slice of everything, and serve a variety of hot sauces—peppery hot, I mean. In Italy you always get *salsa verde*, which is made of olive oil, lemon juice, a couple of cloves of garlic, chopped, some drained capers, salt, plenty of ground black pepper, and lots of chopped parsley.

This is a fine dish, by the way.

Here is one of the great beef boils. It is called in France (and everywhere else):

BŒUF EN DAUBE

In your heaviest pot with the tightest lid, put: a half-pound of butter, three tablespoons of olive oil, one-fourth-pound of salt pork diced, six or eight peppercorns, two cloves of garlic, chopped, a good shake of salt, a small can of tomato paste, one teaspoon of thyme, and three tablespoons of chopped parsley, and a ring of orange peel.

Now on top of this put four pounds of top round in one piece. On either side of this put half a calf's foot. Pile in a pound of small white onions peeled, and four or five medium carrots, sliced.

Now (are you still with me?) over all pour a bottle of the best red wine, Châteauneuf-du-Pape will do, but be sure it is of a good year. The wine *must* be excellent.

Bring all this to a fast boil, reduce heat to a simmer, and take off the dark scum that has formed. Then clap on the lid and simmer very slowly for five or six hours, turning the meat twice.

Serve it with boiled new potatoes or buttered noodles—with plenty of grated Romano cheese—and right out of the pot. I can't wait.

Now an ancient Cape Cod winter boil. It is called Cape Cod turkey, but it is made, naturally, with codfish.

CAPE COD TURKEY

Cut up a couple of pounds of salt cod and soak it for five hours, changing the water twice.

Peel a dozen medium onions, four medium potatoes, and peel and dice four beets. Boil each of these separately till they are tender.

In a skillet render a half-pound of diced lean salt pork until the bits are well browned. Remove the bits and with two tablespoons of the drippings make a white sauce—two tablespoons of flour, the drippings, a cup of milk, salt, and pepper.

Now in fresh water poach the cod for fifteen minutes, drain it, put it on a hot platter, surround it with the vegetables, and pour white sauce over all. Finally, sprinkle with the salt pork bits.

It's good, it's cheap, and you can find everything you need to make it down in the cellar. At least Cape Codders can.

BOILED LAMB

Into a large heavy pot put a couple of onions, sliced thin and two carrots, sliced thin. Add salt and pepper and three good tablespoons of butter. Heat this to bubbling, and then in it brown a leg of lamb. Be sure the lamb will fit into the pot—have as much of the bone cut off as possible, and if there are chops on the leg, probably they must go too. Or do you have a large pot?

When the lamb is browned, pour in enough *good* white wine to half cover it. Stir in also a tablespoon of tomato paste, and two cloves of garlic, chopped. Put on it a tight lid, set it on a back burner of the stove, and simmer it for five or six hours. You may find that you will need a little extra wine. Well, add it, for the lamb must always be in bubbling liquid. Also turn the leg several times.

This lamb, when served, is not cut with a knife, but dolloped out with a spoon. Skim the fat from the liquid left in the pot, strain it, and use it as a sauce. Baked tomatoes and glazed onions accompany it well.

And now veal, or to give it its proper name:

BLANQUETTE DE VEAU

Into that same old heavy pot put two pounds of veal shoulder cut in cubes. Cover with water, bring to a boil, skim off the scum, lower the heat to a simmer, and add twelve tiny, peeled white onions, a half cup of thinly-sliced carrots, three cloves of garlic, chopped, a pinch of thyme, salt, and ground black pepper. Put on the lid and simmer for an hour and a half. At the end of an hour throw in a cup and a half of chopped mushrooms.

About ten minutes before the meat is done, make a sauce—in a double boiler—of two tablespoons of butter, two tablespoons of flour, and a cup and a half of the liquid from the veal. Heat until thick.

In a bowl beat three egg yolks, a tablespoon of lemon juice, and a cup of cream. When this is smooth, pour it into the double boiler mixture. Now stir constantly over low heat until all is hot and creamy.

Drain the veal, pour over it the thick white sauce from the double boiler, and then sprinkle over everything a handful of finely chopped parsley. Very, very good.

Well, there are a hundred other things to boil, from haggis to *truites au bleu* to corned beef and cabbage.

All you need is that pot, some clear cold water, and the desire—the desire, as Madame X said, to preserve "every particle of goodness."

Plan for a wardrobe:

VOGUE'S CHECK LIST OF THE SEASON'S BEST LOOKS

On pages 100-103 you will find a fast reprise of the best looks in fashion now, most of them shown in Vogue before, repeated now as cues to what to buy, what to skip when you're shopping to fill the gaps in your wardrobe. Below, designers, stores, et cetera.

Suits

September 1, page 169—Fitted suit: sealing-wax red wool by Galanos at Bergdorf Goodman; Dayton's; I. Magnin.
September 1, page 165—Semi-fitted suit: red wool with Paisley blouse by David Kidd for Jablow at Bergdorf Goodman; Woodward & Lothrop; Hudson's; Joseph Magnin.
September 1, page 167—Easy box suit: green-tea wool with lemon-coloured silk twill overblouse by Adele Simpson. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Harzfeld's; Neiman-Marcus.
September 1, page 210—Walking suit: deer-coloured brushed mohair and wool walking suit by Dan Millstein. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Woodward & Lothrop.

Details

September 1—Side-tilt hat—shown several times in September 1 Vogue.
September 15, page 194—Cardin hat. In America at Bergdorf Goodman; I. Magnin.
September 1, page 195—Patou dinner suit of black wool with hood. In America at I. Magnin.
September 15, cover—Dior red calot; in America at Bergdorf Goodman; I. Magnin; Holt Renfrew, of Canada.

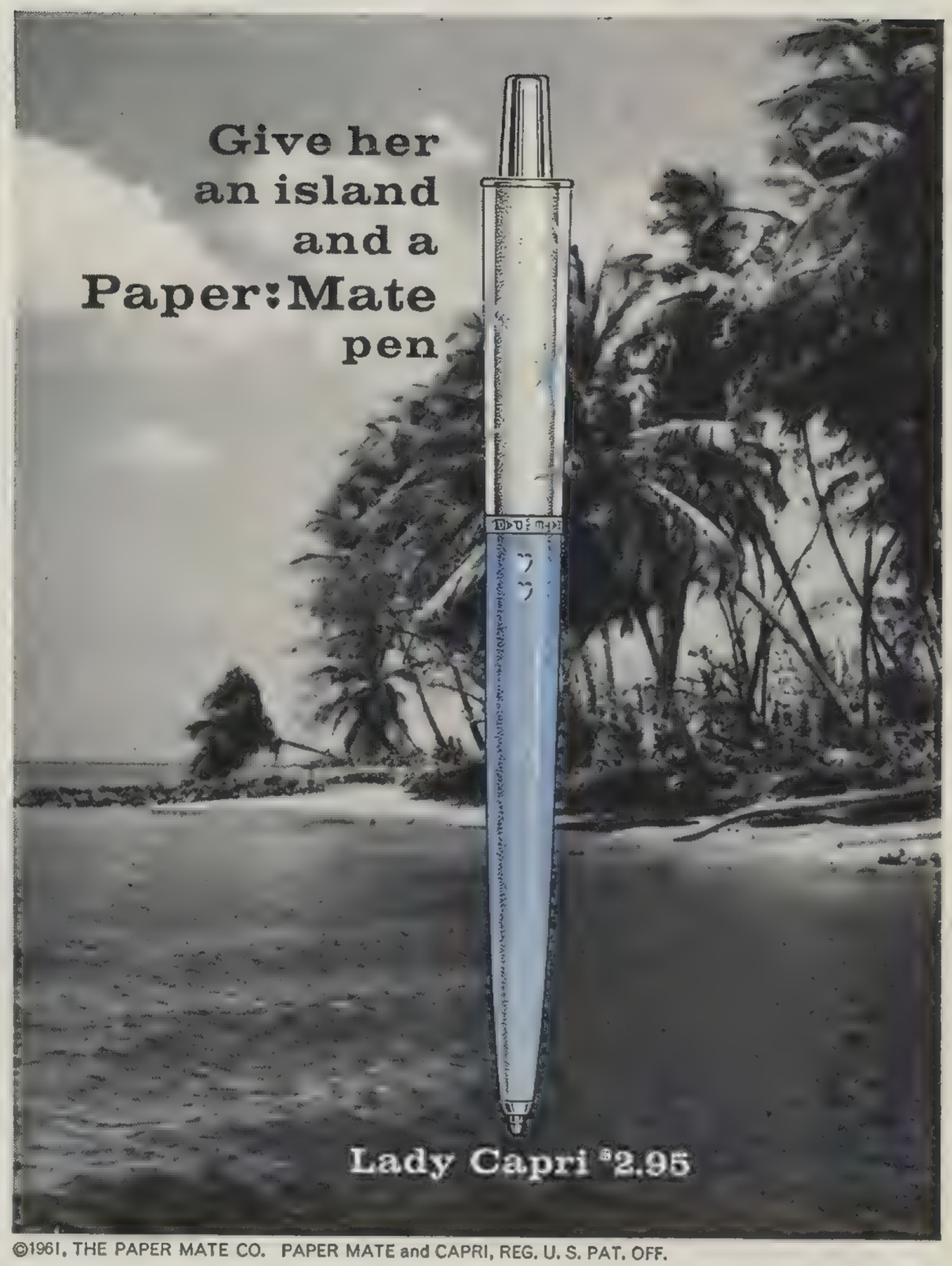
Coats

September 1, page 188—Overall coat: Grès oatmeal wool coat. In America at Saks Fifth Avenue.
August 15, page 57—Coat with stole: Brown-and-ginger plaid wool tweed coat, by Dan Millstein at Saks Fifth Avenue; Jenny's; Wm. H. Block.
September 1, page 190—Lanvin's scarf coat of oatmeal knitted mohair. In America at Lord & Taylor; I. Magnin.
September 15, page 146—Coat with fur lining: taffy-taupe costume by Monte-Sano & Pruzan at Bergdorf Goodman; Julius Garfinckel; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin.
August 15, page 47: Coat with fit: brown and white checked wool coat by Ben Reig, at Saks Fifth Avenue; L. S. Ayres; Frost Bros.

Daily Dresses

September 15, page 150—Ginger-tea wool dress by Adele Simpson at Altman's; Harzfeld's; Joseph Magnin.
September 15, page 147—Brown plaid worsted and rabbit hair overblouse dress by Ben Barrack at Saks Fifth Avenue; Rich's; L. S. Ayres.
August 1, page 87—Princesse dress: grey worsted flannel dress by Vera Maxwell at Saks Fifth Avenue; Nicholas Ungar.

(Continued on page 182)



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WHAT COMES NEXT?

October 15 Vogue
is next,
with news of fashion
excitements whizzing into the
shops this month—suits and other
looks for the
woman who hasn't found her
share of this year's chic.



A full-length flowering of robe

Dark-blue flowers, grape-vined on a pale-blue ground: an at-home robe that's most things a cold-weather robe should be—soft, warm, lightweight—and it takes to laundering as if suds were its natural element. Simple as a sweater dress, with a cardigan top, gathered skirt. By Dorian of Viyella, a wool and cotton blend; about $40. Lord & Taylor; Woodward & Lothrop.

SKETCH BY EVELYN MARCIL

HOW TO GET BY ON A LOW I. Q.

(Continued from page 126)

yes. Then, instead of frantically rushing about trying to pick things up and make the day bed and straighten the cushions, merely cover everything in sight with sheets of newspaper. You don't have to explain a thing to your visitors. They will assume something authentic is going on, and the atmosphere will be pleasant and slightly alfresco. They won't stay too long, though.

Telephoning. Getting the better of the utility companies is an attractive thought even if one is rich. What we are talking about here, however, are those phone problems that have nothing to do with money. They seem to turn up in the country more often than in the city, which may be due to the unlimited-local-calls policy.

The worst is the Wrong-number Man. I don't mean someone who has never done it before, but the repeaters: you get to know their voices. The trick here is not to get rid of them but to see how long you can hold them on the line. For example, you answer the phone and the well-remembered voice asks to speak to Elwyn. "Speaking," you say, and stick to it, in spite of his disbelief. For some arcane reason it will eventually teach him not to call your number again.

Then there is the Party-line Problem. For over a year, owing to some *chinoiserie de bureau* at the phone company, we couldn't get a private line, and there were a couple of ladies who spent their mornings discussing what we decided were their favourite soap operas on the party line. Now, there is nothing to prevent you from making editorial comments, *sotto voce*, on their conversations. If they get cross, say "Sorry," but go on doing it.

It could go like this:
Mrs. A: "Well, I thought the part where the doctor says he'll need lots of boiling water—"
You: "Hot water."
Mrs. A: "What was that?"
Mrs. B: "I didn't say anything."
Mrs. A: "Funny . . . Well, when she goes to get the water he looks at that photo on the wall and shakes his head, and—"
You: "It reminded him of his first wife."
Mrs. A. and Mrs. B. (simultaneously): "What do you mean, *first* wife?" "I didn't say anything!" "Is that somebody on the line?" (You say nothing.) "Well! Well, are you going to see Milly this afternoon?"
You: "She had to leave the State."
Mrs. A: "Who is this?"
You: "I'm the person whose conversation you were listening to yesterday evening."

After trying to argue the point they will have lost the thread. If they complain to the company, you can get into very instructive three-way arguments. The company may even change their minds and give you a private line.

How to look up a word. Some of us are a little shaky in spelling—and I mean me. That's why they print dictionaries, but I found myself in a hotel one night with a job of rewriting to do and no dictionary. I wanted to use the word *sacrament*, and wasn't at all sure about the second *a*. Ah! I thought to myself, the *Gideon Bible!* It seemed as if the word must have been used dozens of times, but it eluded me, and time was slipping by. Then I caught sight of the Classified Directory. Sure enough: under Wines, Sacramental.

Later, odd as it may seem, I wanted to write *carburetor*. I knew there was something funny about the spelling—it's not the way it's pronounced. Again I looked in Donnelley's, and there it was.

I won't claim that all words are in the Classified. I imagine defenestration is not, and I think it's probably a good thing. The fact remains that I now prefer it to Webster. It offers a challange—challenge.

Supermarkets. I discovered this one entirely by accident. I was asked to do a little shopping in the local supermarket one Wednesday, which is Double-Stamp Day around here. I was given a list of some twelve items and a canvas shopping bag, the idea being that it would be safer if I didn't try to carry a paper one.

Once there, I noticed that people were using those wire push-carts, but I had this shopping bag, so I went around filling it. At one point I thought I saw a man in a white jacket looking at me rather hard, and a little later I saw lines of waiting customers whose wire carts were stacked high with loaves of white bread and TV Dinners. It was obviously going to be a long wait to have my twelve items checked out.

As I was putting the last item—a small jar of caviar—into my bag, I was tapped on the shoulder by the man in the white jacket. "Just come over here, Mister," he said. I did. At the one check-out exit not in use, he directed me to turn out the contents of my shopping bag. With a very steely expression he totted up my purchases and said, "That will be $7.85, Mister." I had the feeling he was on the point of saying something else, but he didn't, and I paid and left—well in advance of the ladies with the bread and TV Dinners.

When I got home I told my wife, and she explained it to me. They are opening a new supermarket near here next week, and I think I shall try it again.

Turning off a neighbour's radio. Theoretically a call to the police should do it, but all too often it doesn't. However, you can presumably go out and find which house the noisemakers are in, and ring one of the downstairs bells. Ask whoever answers for the name of the people with the radio; you will probably be told, because the noise will certainly be just as annoying right there in the same building. Instead of going up and complaining, you go home, get out the phone book and look them up. Then call them (this must be done by a woman) and say, "long-distance calling." They will now turn their radio down, or off, and wait. After a while you say, "There seems to be some trouble with the connection, will you hang up please? I will call you when the line is clear."

They do so, and under the circumstances they will have no desire to turn the radio back on loud, if at all. If it occurs to them to quiz the operator after waiting half an hour, she (the real one) will say that she's sorry but she has no way of checking on the call for them, as she can not tell which operator was handling it, what with long-distance dialing and all. Parenthetically, this is, as far as I know, the sole advantage accruing from automation.

As the paleontologists tell us: True Thought Begins with Operational Response to Environment.



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Plan for a wardrobe

(Continued from page 179)

Shoes

October 1 sketch, page 102—Brown lizard opera pump by D'Antonio at Bonwit Teller; Neiman-Marcus; Joseph Magnin.
The same shoe, brown calfskin by D'Antonio at Bonwit Teller; Joseph Magnin.

Something With Fringe

September 15, page 193: Orange velvet late-day dress by Ricci, copied by Saks Fifth Avenue.

One Long Evening Dress

September 1, page 196—Yellow Dessès chiffon dress; in America at Bergdorf Goodman; I. Magnin.

Something Velvet

Velveteen suit by Ben Zuckerman. For details, see Vogue October 15.

Late Day Looks

September 15, page 199—Glittering gold brocade dress by Edward Abbott at Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; Miss Hudson Shop; I. Magnin.
September 1, page 200—Balmain dinner suit.
September 15, page 194—Black crêpe dress by Pierre Cardin, copied in America by Leonard Arkin at Lord & Taylor; Hudson's; I. Magnin.
September 1, page 195—Dior black dress, jacket jetted with bugle beads. In America at Hattie Carnegie; I. Magnin.
October 1, sketch up front—Black velvet opera pump, black satin bow, by Mademoiselle. At Lord & Taylor.



TURNCOAT BEDROOM *(Details from page 161)*

Here, ingredients of the room on the Fashions in Living cover, a bedroom on view this month in summer and winter make-up at "Decoration and Design 1962," a show co-sponsored by the American Institute of Interior Designers. All fabrics and rugs are made of Avisco rayon, alone or in combination with other fibres.

The bone structure:

Black iron double bed, made from a pair of old iron grillings; to order from Paul Krauss. Louis XV walnut writing table and the copies of eighteenth-century English bamboo chairs; Traditional Reproductions.* On the table, a green-black glass lamp, circa 1840; at Paul Jones.* Lacquered step tables; to order from Yale Burge.* White Italian pottery lamps, 22" high; The Grand Galleon. Dark wood-grained vinyl parquet flooring; by Amtico, installed by Stark Carpet.* Club chair, ottoman, and the reproduction of a French bench; by Imperial Craftsmen.*

Winter make-up:

Green wall fabric, bedspread, draperies, chair, bench, and table covering fabrics; by Cohama. The oyster white rug, a 100% rayon shag; by the Boss Company.

Summer make-up:

The white-striped beige wall fabric; by Cohama. The bedspread, Roman shades, and chair covering fabrics are the same base cloth, printed with a floral design by Eaglesham.* The beige and white striped pile rugs; by Regal Rugs. *THROUGH DECORATORS

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